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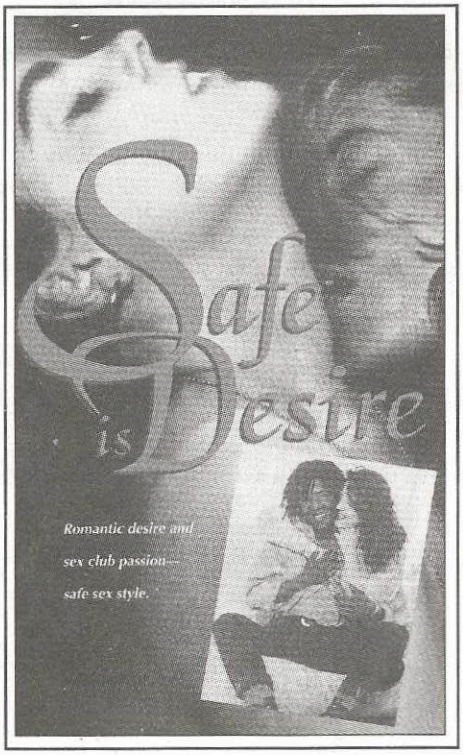

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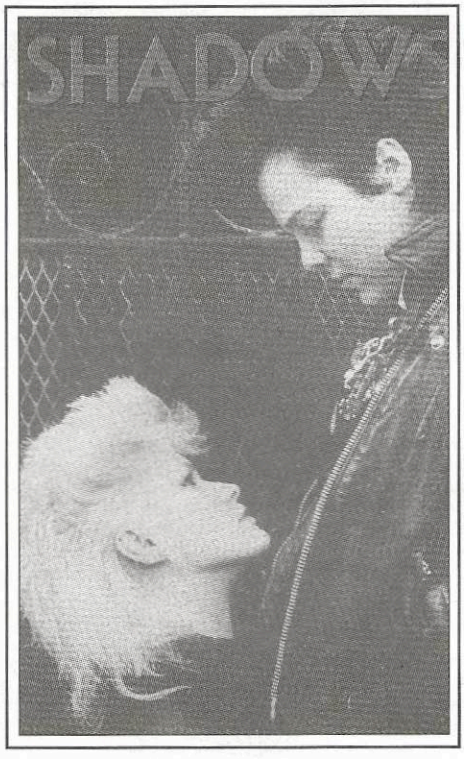

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THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 13, Issue 1

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OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

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letters

For thirteen years the original On Our Backs incited debates over sex, feminism, and pornography. The "Letters" page was a chance for readers to react not only to the magazine itself but also to sound off on larger issues. Readers wrote in to accuse Editor Susie Bright of being obsessed with "the pleasure-making phallus," coffee-house dykes took sides on the SM debate, and even academics wrote papers about our "Letters" page. Here's a sampling of the heated discussions that first aired; we hope that you, our new readers, will write in and keep On Our Backs' tradition of discussion and debate alive.

BLACKLISTED

Our local bookstore, Alaska Women's Bookstore, has refused to carry **On Our Backs**, stating that it is pornographic. They do, however, carry books on heterosexual pornography. Need I say more?

Name withheld upon request
Anchorage, Alaska
Spring 1986

APPROPRIATED LABIA RINGS

I was unhappy to see Chicago's Women Against Pornography present a slide show that included labia ring pictures from your last issue. They were described as "masochistic acts of vaginal mutilation." I thought your piece on labia piercings was honest, respectful, and highly erotic. WAP's use of the photos was disgusting and violating.

Name Withheld
Chicago, Illinois
Summer 1986

A COLLECTIVE "YES"

We recently had a discussion about **On Our Backs** in our collective. We'd received a couple of complaints: some women felt the mag could be described as porn. After extensive discussion, we decided to keep it—we don't have to like everything we carry.

S. Redick, Red and Black Books
Seattle, Washington
Fall 1987

YOU WERE MY FIRST

I recently received your Winter '86 issue, and I must say that **On Our Backs** was the first lesbian publication I've ever seen.

L. Gorjup
Sydney, Australia
Spring 1988

TEACHER'S PET

I like what people find objectionable about **On Our Backs**. How else would I learn that some women ejaculate two to three feet into the air with fluid from an organ that doctors don't even seem to know about?

K. McGee
Seattle, Washington
March/April 1989

SICK BARBIE SEX

I was completely grossed out by your doll-fucking photographs. I do not appreciate seeing Barbie's plastic head emerging from a perfectly good pussy!

J. G.
Peoria, Illinois
May/June 1989

FIRST AGAIN, DAM!

You were the first to talk about dental dams, complete with pictures.

Mary McGrath
Racine, Wisconsin
Sept./Oct. 1989

FROM CUSTOMER SERVICE

I'd like [my **On Our Backs**] shipped in a discreet, pink hairy wrapper.

V. Huffman
Langley, Washington
May/June 1990

SEXUAL SURVIVORS

It's hard to find really sex-positive erotica about and by women who have experienced rape or incest. It all seems to be about how damaged we feel. Well, I'm writing to say, Damn! Is sex ever good! Thanks to **On Our Backs** for being sex-positive and antiabuse.

Sarah Keepers
Tucson, Arizona
May/June 1991

BEGGING FOR VANILLA

All this dildo fucking/sucking, big boots, leather this, SM that, fuck-me-like-my-daddy-did stuff is all fine and dandy. But how about a little tender kissing instead of "Let me remove your tonsils tonight dear?" Can we please have just one vanilla issue?

Laura K. Sutherland
San Diego, California
Jan./Feb. 1991

DO ME DADDY

I really enjoyed Ann Wertheim's "Daddy's Little Girl" (March/April 1991). It got me off in a big way! However, I wouldn't have been able to read it until I'd first read Marcy Sheiner's article "The Daddy Closet." We all know the difference between fantasy and reality, but hearing someone say it is bolstering.

Susan Washsler
Somerville, Massachusetts
May/June 1991

DIFFERENTLY- ABLED SEX GODDESSES

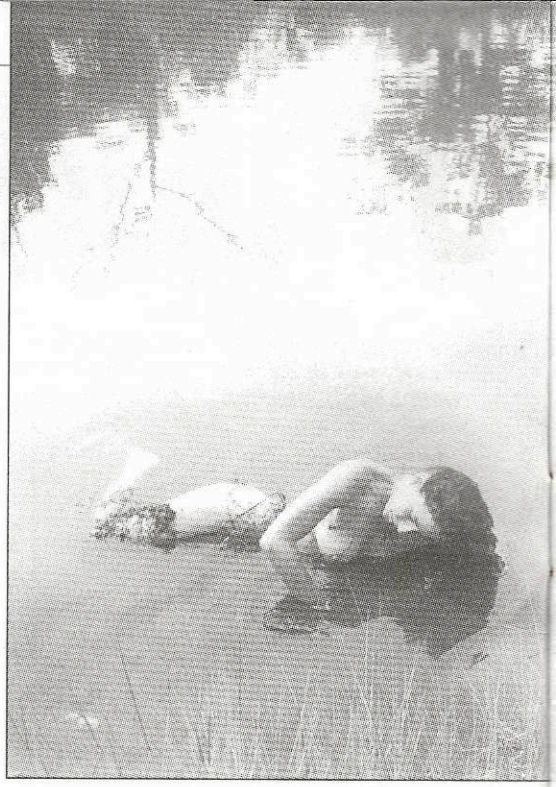
How refreshing to read Stephanie V. Lewis's erotic story with a woman in a wheel chair as the central character and to have her depicted as strong, powerful, and sensual.

Mary Shane
Cleveland, Ohio
Jan./Feb. 1991

COMING OUT AT THE MOVIES

It was with a great deal of anger that I read your recent savaging of Nicole Conn's film *Claire of the Moon*. Not all dykes came out with a fist up their cunts. Many of us came out much as Claire did: with a lot of fear, confusion, and ultimately an awakening about our sexuality.

Unsigned
Denver, Colorado
Sept./Oct. 1993



Photograph by LeeAnn McGuire

BITTER BITCH

I guess my IQ isn't high enough to follow Camille Paglia's sniveling, inconsistent, arrogant, and pathetic diatribe (March/April '93). Why did you even waste precious pages on this misogynist, repressed bitch? If she's the Third Wave of feminism, I'll take the first two!

Eileen M. Jutras
Tucson, Arizona
May/June 1993

IT'S JUST WRONG

Your photos are abominations before the Lord and any sane, respectable person. Most lesbians I asked agreed with me that these photos are sick.

M. Grant
Bronx, New York,
March/April 1994

STILL GOING

I am 71 years old and doubt that your magazine has much I haven't seen, hoped for, or done, but there is always something nice about seeing a new way to say it!

Pinkie Newby
Memphis, Tennessee
Jan./Feb. 1995

OUR FIRST LETTER OF 1998

I'm so happy this is coming back into print. Please don't fill it with supermodels. Don't forget our roots! Good luck.

Misty
June 1998

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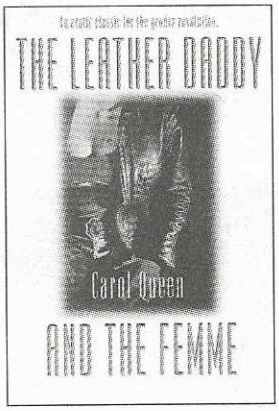
THE LEATHER DADDY AND THE FEMME

An Erotic Novel
Carol Queen



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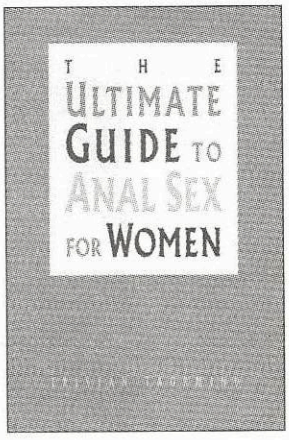
The dress was red and tight and hugged my small breasts into cleavage. Its backline plunged down almost to the swell of my ass. Black stockings and garters (the dress was too tight to wear a belt under, only a black G-string would fit), and red leather pumps with high, high heels. The kind of shoes drag queens named so aptly "Come-Fuck-Me-Pumps." You're not supposed to walk in them—you're supposed to offer the toe to a worshipful tongue or lock them around a neck while you get pounded. Which is what I hoped would be happening to me shortly...

From the author of *Real Live Nude Girl: Chronicles of Sex-Positive Culture*

THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO ANAL SEX FOR WOMEN

Tristan Taormino
Illustrated by Fish



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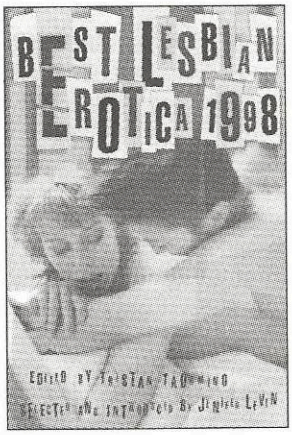

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Selected by Jenifer Levin
Tristan Taormino, Series Editor

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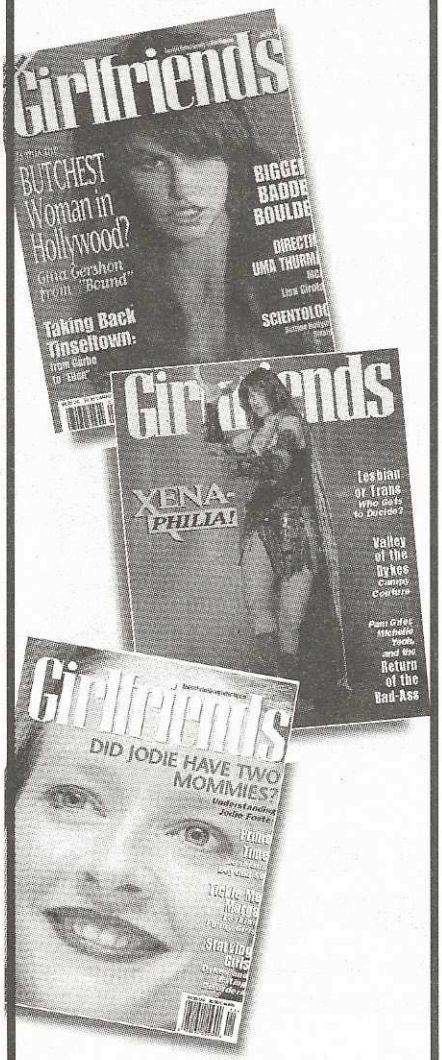

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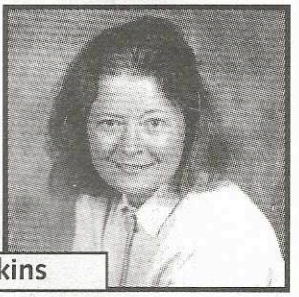


Chloe Atkins

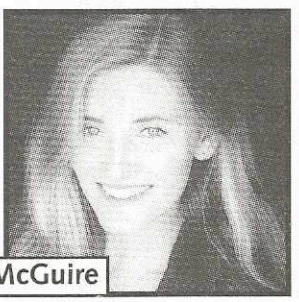
Working with a real-life couple made photographer Chloe Atkins's job easier, she said, "Because I could just let them do their own thing." Her steamy photos of Melanie and Rocio (page 26) add to Atkins's already hefty portfolio, which includes GLAAD's "Another Traditional Family" billboard campaign and a collection of lesbian nightclub photos called *Girls' Night Out.*

Jamie Griffiths

To find a time when the Lexington Club in San Francisco wasn't packed with dykes, photographer Jamie Griffiths and her models Heather and Antonia had to enact their pick-up scene early in the day before the bar opened (page 34). Griffiths's edgy, erotic photos have appeared in *Girlfriends, A Taste of Latex,* and *Blue.* She says, "Sex isn't everything, but in a world that defines and regulates us by the kind of sex we have, it means a lot."

Nina Hartley

"I'm Jewish, so of course I love to give advice. Of course I know what's better for you than you do," jokes our advice columnist Nina Hartley (page 8). A registered nurse and porn star, Hartley says the best sex advice she ever received was from *The Joy of Sex*: "Good hand and mouth work practically guarantee a good partner."



LeeAnn McGuire

Lenswoman LeeAnn McGuire says she moved to Columbus, Ohio, three years ago because "it has a reputation for girls." The city lives up to its hype if her photos of Dawn Dixon are any indication (page 20). McGuire did this shoot in an alley early in the morning to avoid curious passers-by and explains, "It had rained the night before, and there were puddles everywhere, so we just worked them into the shoot." McGuire's work has appeared in *Spin, Rolling Stone*, and *Libido.*

Jill Nagle

Jill Nagle, editor of *Whores and Other Feminists,* became a dildo expert for this month's feature (page 24). But her relationship with dildos has not always been idyllic: "My girlfriend and I tried a double-headed model, but the laws of physics say that one end has to be anchored down in order for the other not to slip out," she explains. "So things were really good for about two minutes, but then one end popped out, and we had to scramble around." She now recommends thigh harnesses.

Tristan Taormino

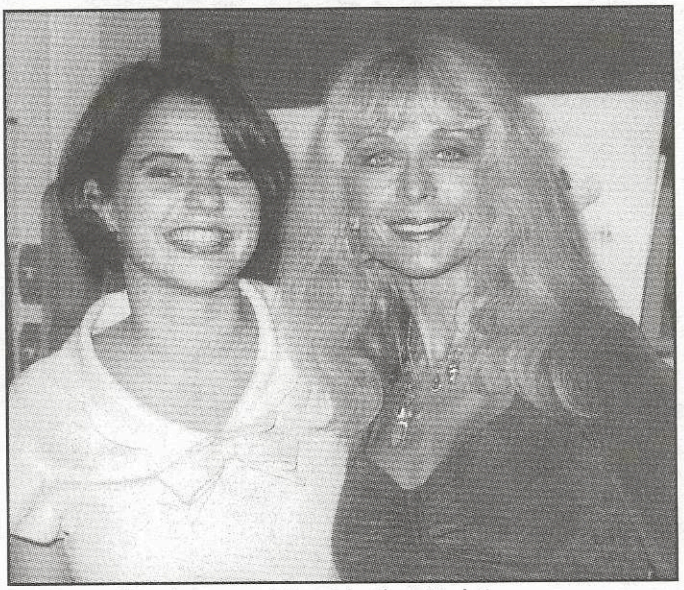
As our regular "Adventure Girl," Tristan Taormino (page 9) is enduring sordid sexual escapades for the greater good of dykes everywhere. "I'll try just about anything once," says our hero, "although I confess I'm a chicken when it comes to other kinds of adventures." Fighting never-ending battles for sexual well-being, Taormino has written *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and edits the *Best Lesbian Erotica* series. She also publishes *Pucker Up*, a pansexual erotic magazine.

from the editor

The first time I finger-fucked a girl, I came from the shock of it. My legs cramped up. My irises felt as though they were rock-hard and salivating. She lay on her stomach whimpering. I couldn't believe it. Putting out the first issue of the new **On Our Backs** feels the same way: cramps, a hard-on, and awe. And shock.

You'd have a girl-boner, too, if you saw the sexy dykes in our pictorials strip in an alley ("New Dawn Coming," page 18), have sex in a shower ("Melanie and Rocio," page 24), and fuck in a bar ("Heather and Antonia," page 34). And you, too, might feel shock—it's been three long years since dykes could open a magazine and see images like these. And I'm in awe—personally—that 15 years have passed since the founders of **On Our Backs,** Nan Kinney and Debbie Sundahl—two former antiporn activists who once tossed a molotov cocktail into an adult bookstore—first decided they'd rather make erotica than firebomb it.

Times have changed since the birth of **On Our Backs** in 1984. The "sex wars" are over and feminism isn't exactly a hotbed of sexuall liberation. In these days of Paula Jones, in fact, it seems America's hotter on policing sexuality than promoting it. Dykes today don't attend consciousness raisers to find their clits; instead, there's a whole industry of women making books, dildos, or videos to make sure women know exactly where it is and how to use it. And though lesbians haven't fucked on prime time yet, they have tongue-kissed.



I'm smiling because Nina Hartley (right) has just grabbed my butt. Really.

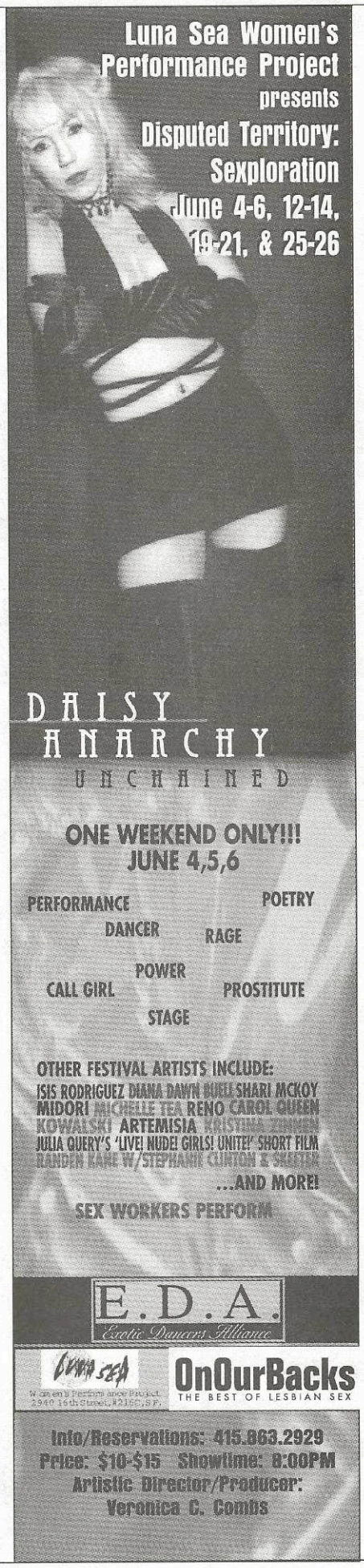
Not all of these changes are straight forward. We didn't have the luxury of mail-order dildos from women-owned sex shops in 1984. But does that mean more women like penetration nowadays or just that we shell out big bucks to come? (For more, see page 30.) Or how about the mainstreaming of SM dyke communities? Does that mean we're not role playing while we fuck, or does it mean so many dykes are playing that these tight-knit communities are becoming obsolete? And does the explosion of material on female masturbation mean we're perfecting our orgasms, or that AIDS has led us to eschew partnered sex?

Lucky for us, we've got some amazing women to help us find answers. Nina Hartley, a woman who's been a sex radical since **On Our Backs** was a baby, agreed to interview with us for our relaunch issue. America's sweetheart of porn and arguably one of the most sexually confident women in the world, Hartley spoke with us about loving two partners, her inner conflict over her role in *Boogie Nights,* and why lesbians love her films. We're thrilled to report that she's also agreed to write our regular advice column (page 14). We'll certainly profit under her sound, loving advice.

'Course, we'll need your advice, too. Making lust out of paper and orgasms out of ink is no easy task. Desire is a resource, and we need you to share yours with us. It's our mission to deliver you the best of lesbian sex, so write us and let us know if we succeed.

Love and orgasms,

Athena Douris, editor



sex couture

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No one needs leather, really. But there's something about a girl wearing leather. Maybe it's because leather warms with its wearer's body heat, making it as erotic to the toucher as it does to the touched—a quality unique to leather. Leather has a strong, powerful, delicious scent that smells like nothing else. And leather relates a drama and sense of dominance, even if the wearer has never attended a Society of Janus meeting in her life.

All of the leather-wear on these pages is from Stormy Leather, a dyke-owned, female fetish-wear store that's made and sold its own leather for 15 years. "We get a lot of novices in here, women who come because they have something very specific in mind." Good thing that leather lasts a long, long time. ***–a.d.***

LEFT:
Corsets are erotic and comforting.
Seated: "neck corset", $70. Front buckle strap corset, in black with red accents, $300. Fitted pencil leather skirt, $190.
Standing: Strapless, long-waisted leather corset, $300. Long, slim hobble skirt, $330.

RIGHT:
Sultry fitted leather for leather-scented nights. Fitted leather bustier with lace-up front, $190. Leather panel skirt, no longer sold.

Photography by David Perry

ather is located at 1158 Howard Street in San Francisco.
For more information, call 415.626.6783

Pulp Friction

Thomas Roche, ed.
(Rhinoceros)

There's not much native lesbian material in *Pulp Friction*, the latest in Rhinoceros's "Noirotica" series combining crime, noir, and porn. The gals are bi, the dudes are pigs, and the settings are urban, gritty, and violent. But you won't care, trust me, because the writing is great, the sex is hot, and the eroticism is very, very queer. The best is Carol Queen's tribute to her obsession with gay male sexuality, "Heaven Sent," in which a young hayseed hooks up with a gangster, robs a bank,

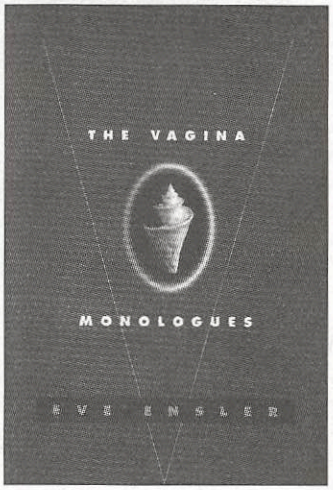
and heads south with Jimmy and his stagegirl lover, Angel. "It wasn't till we got to Mexico," Davy remembers, "that I figured out Angel had a dick." Perverted fun ensues. Also excellent is "Feisty Girls Out for a Good Time" by Amelia G. (whom you may recognize as *Blueblood*'s editrix), a tale about a hit woman and her all-too-seductive target. **haf**

Grade:

The Vagina Monologues

Eve Ensler
(Villard)

The word "vagina" is still so taboo that advertisements for Ensler's book often leave out its key word and call it simply *The Monologues*. Likewise, Ensler says that vaginas have dropped out of women's consciousness and identity, leaving us bereft of our center of power. This classic feminist thesis could lend itself to endless horrid descriptions of women squatting over hand mirrors; instead, Ensler goes beyond the clichés



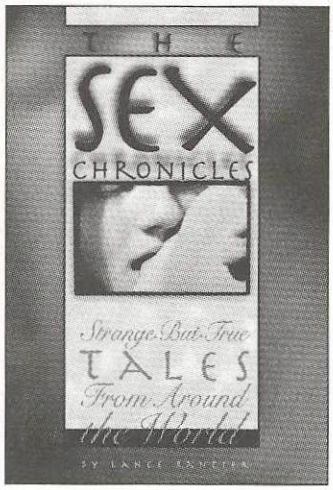
with surprisingly informative and entertaining results. Comprised of interviews with over 200 women about their vaginas, *Vagina's* best parts include a 65-year-old woman who chides, "What's a smart girl like you going around talking to old ladies about their down-theres for?" and a six-year-old who says, "Somewhere deep inside I know it has a really, really smart brain." Even though it's more inspirational than sexy, Ensler does include a steamy bit in which a lesbian dominatrix explains the particular love relationship dykes have with pussies. **kh**

Grade:

The Sex Chronicles

Lance Ranier
(General Publishing Group)

When it comes to sex, there is no "normal." *The Sex Chronicles* proves this—every page is full of boggling trivia: women in a West African tribe pull on their labia until they hang like "the teat of a she-goat"; ancient Greece had erotic festivals that turned into lesbian orgies. The author gathered these factoids from around the world and went beyond sex to include beauty, marriage, and legal practices. Some tales sound too strange to believe (a nine-inch fetus removed from a woman's anus?), yet since Rancier cites no



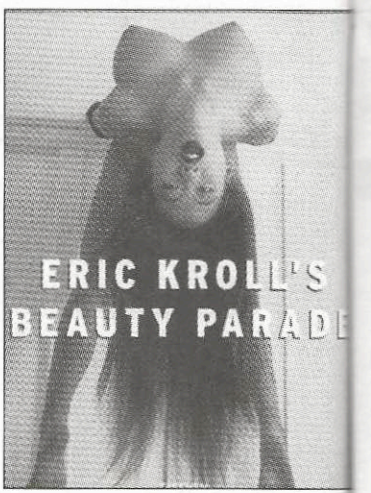
sources, it's hard to judge his accuracy. Furthermore, though there is a chapter on homosexuality, Rancier reveals his ignorance of gay culture with notes such as, "Some of the most masculine of men have indulged in homosexual relations." No shit, Sherlock. Nevertheless, *Sex Chronicles* is informative and perfectly illustrates how standards of propriety and morality fluctuate over time. **kh**

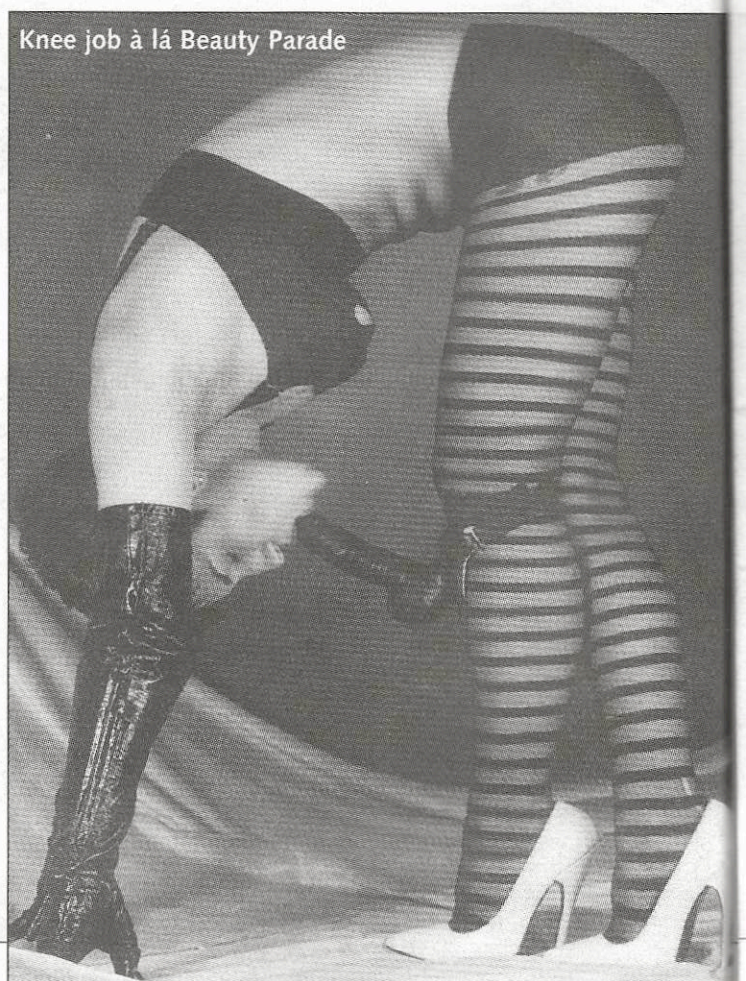
Grade:

Beauty Parade

Eric Kroll
(Taschen)

Dykes should love Eric Kroll. He outfits models in men's underwear, prosthetic penises, and rubber girdles from a personal collection worth more than my apartment building. Plus, he picks models who look mean enough to whip your girlfriend's butt, even when they're smoking cigarettes with their feet. The problem is, he's an





inconsiderate asshole. He says so himself in his introduction: most former models harbor vendettas, complain of impropriety at shoots, and generally hold Kroll in contempt. Nevertheless, *Beauty Parade* is absolute genius.

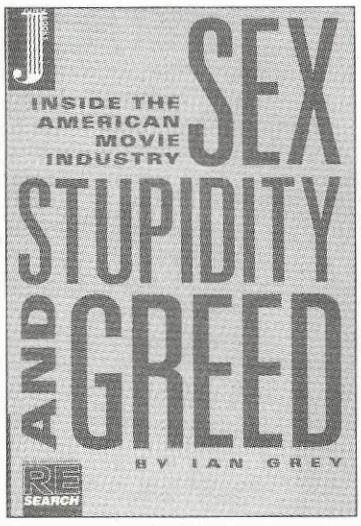
As in his earlier *Fetish Girls*, Kroll's photos exhibit a perverted-yet-repressed aesthetic that seems custom made for feminist and lesbian eyes. That's because his approach to photography is as complicated as women's approach to erotica: genital shots are rare, there's no male-style tits-and-ass nudity, SM scenarios are atypical, and fetishism is developed to a grotesque extreme. Kroll may shoot vintage underwear, but his trigger finger is definitely on the pulse of our generation. **ad**

Grade:

Sex, Stupidity, and Greed

Ian Grey
(Juno Books)

Don't let the title fool you. There is very little sex in *Sex*. Sure, wry and amusing interviews with breast-enhanced B-movie actress Julie Strain and fetish porn magazine publisher Dian Hanson hint at just how nasty this book could be. But it's not. Grey's "insider" status is dubious (as far as I could tell, all he did was write video reviews), and he's a terrible interviewer. (Why, for instance, must he tell us every single



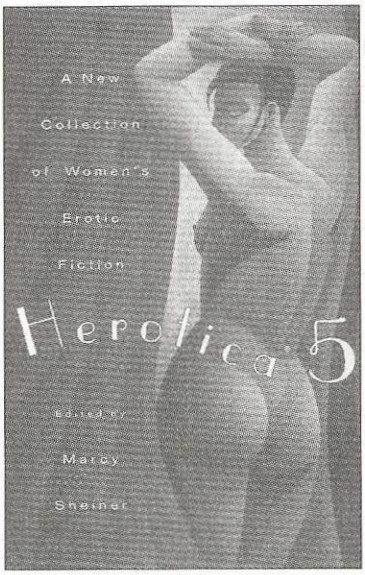
time he clears his throat?) The biggest problem with *Sex*, however, is that it has no cohesiveness. Yes, everyone is interested in Boston's bizarre Big Tit Mafia. But readers are left wondering: what on earth does it have to do with *Go Fish* producer Christine Vachon? Very little. Which is the same answer to the question: how much satisfaction does this book impart to a reader piqued by the title? That's right...very little. **da**

Grade:

Herotica 5

Marcy Sheiner, ed.
(Plume)

This reviewer was slightly disappointed with the onslaught of hetero sex in Sheiner's latest anthology of erotica "by, for, and about women." However, before long and much to my titillation, I was treated to diverse tales of lesbo lust, kinky and well written enough to keep me turning the pages in

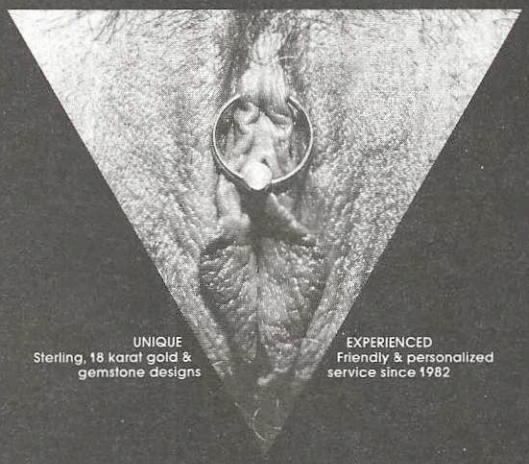


anticipation. Thumbs up to "The Knitting Circle" by Joan Leslie Taylor, which addresses the erotic desires of fifty-something women and Ginu Kamani's modern look at the Indian tradition of arranged marriage. I became wary, however, at Adrienne Rabinov's story of a white married couple setting up a hot hotel room fuck with a stereotypically "virile" black man. All in all, this anthology busts open a number of societal taboos (not the least of which involves SM sex between employee and boss). Whatever your fantasy, if you're prepared to love parts of it and take some with a grain of salt, this onehander's for you. **ds**

Grade:

Review Staff
ad Athena Douris
ds Dana Schneider
haf Heather Ann Findlay
kh Kathleen Hildenbrand
ks Kulfi Simone
ts Tasha Savage

RAELYN GALLINA



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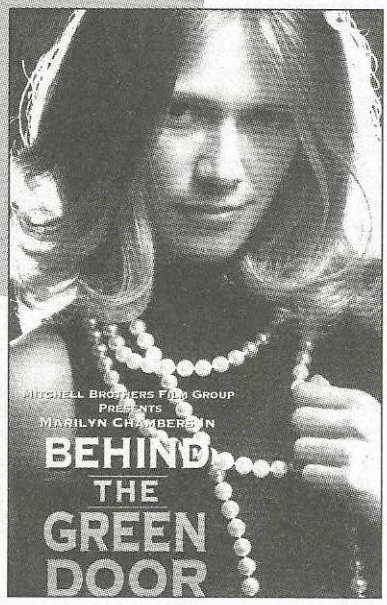
Porno Round-Up:
Seventies Classics Revisited

By Cindy Patton

The feminist prosex and antiporn debates were exhausting, but the survivors built a defiant cottage industry of by-girls (and lesbian and bi-girls) pornography. It turns out that lesbians invented the Perfect Phallus to which men aspire! Capitalism circulated Jeff Stryker's penis and dildo, put a VCR in every house-hold, and made high-quality video equipment and desktop publishing widely available. Almost anyone can, as they say, represent.

But are we really so radical and artistically advanced? Some classics of the cinematically wild 1970s, perhaps the last gasp of the sexual revolution, are more revolutionary than we remember. Mainstream filmmakers and artistes of the cum-stained XXX screen found themselves challenging the distinction between erotica with redeeming social value and plain old hard-core pornography. Influenced by European "art films," American XXX producers improved their scripts, acting, and explicitly libertarian political commentary. Check these videos out:



Midnight Cowboy

(Com-Tron, 1969)

A scathing critique of the American dream and its sexual politics, *Midnight Cowboy* is the X-rated winner of three Academy Awards (Best Picture, Best Director, Best Adaptation). *Midnight* shocked audiences with explicit (but soft-core) heterosexual, homosexual, and intergenerational sex among poor rural whites who move to the city and trade sex to survive. Most of the film is gritty cinéma vérité, with flashbacks that juxtapose sex-as-pleasure with sexual violation and sexual policing. Although quite depressing, this film is a must-see if you want to fully grasp the political and aesthetic context that allowed pornographers to view themselves as participants in an antirepressive, new cinema.

Grade:

The Opening of Misty Beethoven

(GVA 1976)

Over the other picks, I prefer *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, a film that played in an independent cinema on Broadway. After she gives up prostitution (and abandons her MasterCard T-shirt!) the desireless Misty learns how to "suck ripe melon" from two women and a microphone. No hetero interruption here! Though unrelentingly boy-girl on the surface, *The Opening* is so orally fixed (until the surprise "golden rod" ending), I classify it as proto-queer.

Grade:

Behind the Green Door

(GVA, 1972)

If it weren't for the "privates" showing, this film would have played at the mall. (It did have a limited run on the indie circuit.) Featuring Marilyn Chambers just before she starred in David Cronenberg's *Rabid*, (in which she plays a woman with a deadly penis in her armpit), *Behind* is solidly focused on women's sexual pleasure. The flick starts with a massage, moves on stage with a seven-woman orgy, and caps off with a politically suspect interracial sex scene. Onlookers include people of all sizes, several races, two sexual persuasions, and three genders.

Grade:

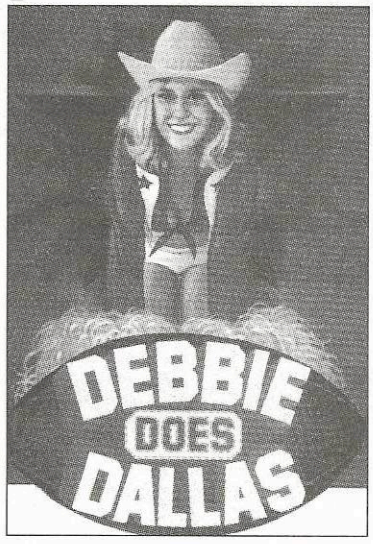
Debbie Does Dallas

(VCA, 1978)

The famous *Debbie Does Dallas* is the kind of thing antiporn feminists write text books about. Consumers should boycott it for its boring, endless angles on the two permissible het sex acts—fellatio and the "straight" fuck. It's embarrassing to remember that men once (and still) found sexual harassment at the workplace sexy.

The obligatory lesbian scene doesn't even come off. If a send-up of the Dallas Cowboy Cheer- leaders seems funny, you're better off waiting for the next Super Bowl—this film ends before Debbie even gets to Dallas. The high school football team is...well, let's put it this way: if you are critical of body-perfect porn, Debbie makes it clear why the industry went to buff.

Grade:

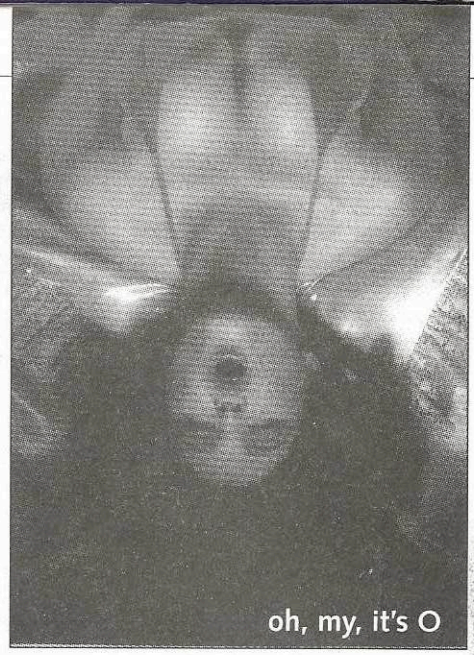


Histoire D'O

(n/a, 1975)

The crypt-feminist *Histoire D'O* is out of print, but available for a hefty deposit at any decent video outlet. Beware of the imitators. The "series" is to *Histoire D'O* what *Dallas* was to the Old Testament. The one you want stars Corrine Clery and is faithful to the mid-1960s Pauline Reage novel. O, a photographer, has lots of David Hamiltonesque girl-sex with the gorgeous blonde model she loves. The main event, though, is bondage, humiliation, and sadism at the hands of Sir Stephen and his maid. Loving or hating *Histoire D'O* will tell you a lot about your feminist politics. It's either pointless or your dissertation topic—oops, it's been done!

Grade:



Deep Throat

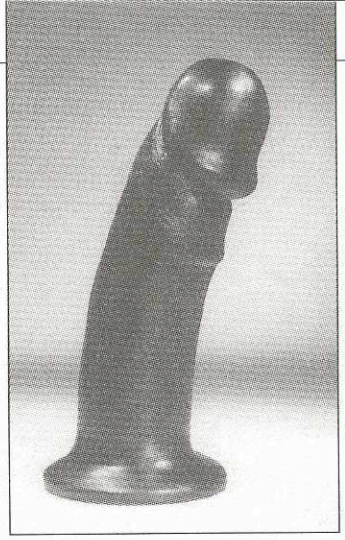
(distributor, 1972)

Viewed today, *Deep Throat*, one of the most politically contentious films of all time, comes off as a goofy, retro homage to the no-longer-shocking act of fellatio. Lovelace complains that she wants orgasms that send rockets, and her doctor (Harry Reems) sings the *Star Spangled Banner* ("the rockets' red glare") while waving an American flag. (Get it? Orgasms are American.) At an orgy, a gay man says to an exhausted het guy: "What's a nice guy-joint like you doing in a girl like that?" The kinky parts include a cunt-shaving scene (is it sex, or an ad for Schick?) and a critique of capitalism. A fetishist inserts a plastic cup (imagine a female condom, only rigid) into Lovelace and slurps wine, then America's favorite beverage, to demonstrate that "Things go better with Coke!"

Grade:

Cindy Patton was a founding editor of *Bad Attitude*, teaches lesbian and gay studies at Emory University and has been extensively involved in feminist and AIDS politics.

try it

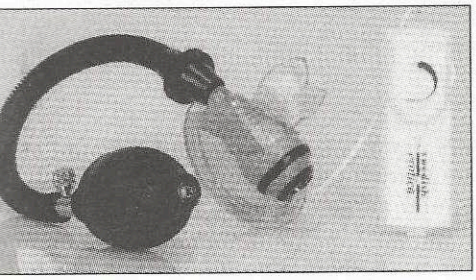


Treasure Chest

(Vixen Creations)
$65

I came. She came. That's probably the best kind of endorsement you can give a dildo. But with Vixen's beautiful, blue-marbled G spot stimulator called the Treasure Chest, the affirmations go even farther. Attached to its wonderfully wide base is a hollow opening in which you can fit a tongue, a finger, or a nipple. It's an amazingly rare dildo indeed that can also give you titty hickeys. ts

Grade:



The Golden Bumble

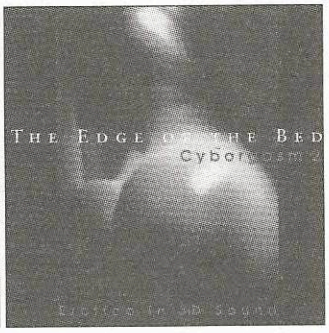
(California Exotic Novelties)
$45

In yellow I look more like a school bus than the brassy, size 6, golden-tressed model on the box cover. But that doesn't mean I can't enjoy the Golden Bumble, a tiny winged bee with a suction cup and a vibrating egg. You hold a battery pack in one hand and a hand pump in the other for "strong suction." (The little fucker had me hermetically sealed.) In fact I could hardly feel the buzzing. It did sting a bit later when I realized the numbing suction action had rendered me unable to orgasm for several days. ts

Grade:

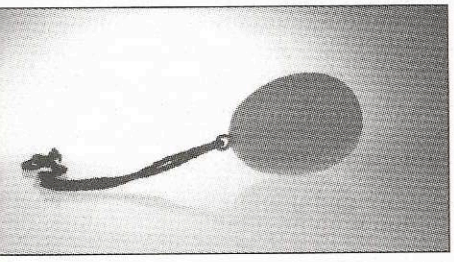
Cybergasm, Cybergasm 2

(Passion Press)
$16 each



Count on Lisa Palac, the former editor of *Future Sex* magazine, to create CDs with 3-D sound so real, you'll swear you're in the middle of a sex party (that's "Virtual Audio" for all you technofetishists). What's more, these aren't just sexy stories: the spoken words of gurus Susie Bright, Annie Sprinkle, and lesser-knowns (all real, unscripted) are interspersed with breathy orgies, the sound of cracking whips, full-blown moans, and phone sex. Music to my you-know-what. ds

Grade:



Crystal Onyx Vaginal Weight-lifting Egg

(Nectar Products)
$17

I spend a lot of time lifting weights—but not for my vagina. The Egg and I seemed destined to meet: hardbody meets hard-boiled, producing supercooch.

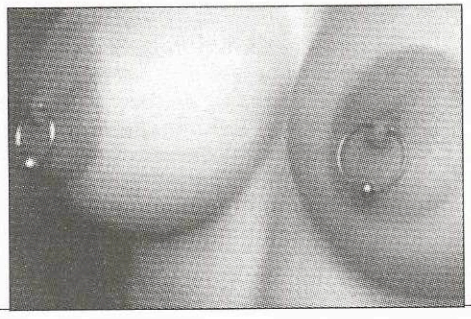
Destiny is misery.

You're meant to slide the Egg into your vagina and perform sets of "squeezes" designed to render your pussy rubberband-tight. "Orgasmic-like contractions" I did not feel: rather, the exercises were tedious and pelvic exam-like. Expelling the Egg was like birthing Chicken Little. And after working my *oeuf* for days, my lover didn't feel a difference. Damn. ks

Grade:

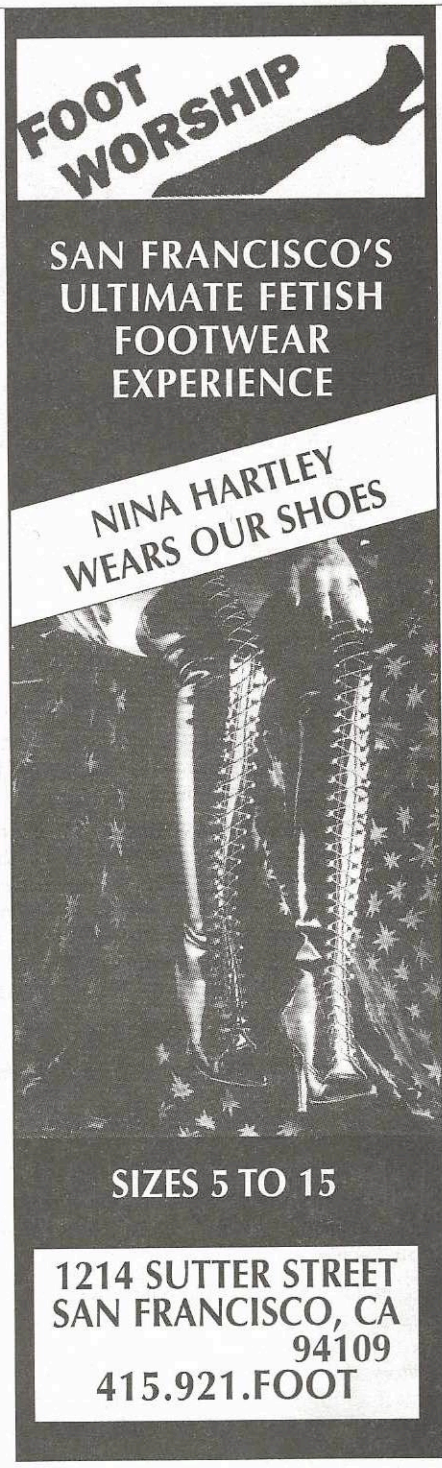
Nonpiercing Nipple Jewelry

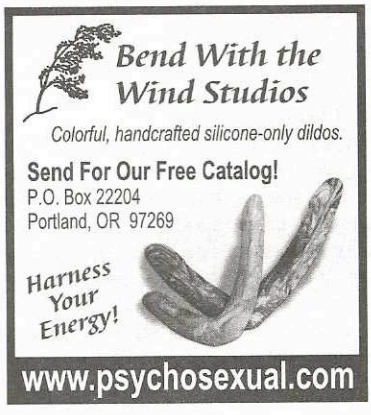
California Exotic Novelty
$13



Although a little too large in circumference and thin in width to cosmetically mirror the real thing, the pain produced by putting these pinchers on your nipples is close on the heels of real piercing pain. They *hurt*. In a good way, though, if you're a dedicated masochist—or at least into the pleasure/pain continuum. ks

Grade:





THE DOCTOR IS NINA

MARK ME UP, I'LL TAKE IT

I like my lover to leave bruises on my skin after we have sex. One of my friends who is into SM said that real SM players don't like to leave bruises. Is that true? I was really hoping that I'd find someone to inflict those bruises.

Your friend is wrong. Real SM players don't leave nonconsensual *bruises. There are plenty of leather couples who love to give and receive these emblems of their mutual devotion. One girl I know used to wear shorts to the market, just to show off her crop-striped thighs.*

When negotiating with a potential partner, be up front about what you want. Be careful—some players leave bruises because they're psycho or inept, not because they're skilled. Don't go that far on the first date. Something so personal as visible marking shouldn't be taken lightly.

SHY, SHY, BABY

I'm shy and like to be approached by sexually aggressive women. How do I get more women to pursue me?

It's best to go to where the type of woman you want hangs out—women's bars are a natural place for "prey" and "hunter" to stake out their territory. If you see a woman you like, make eye contact and hold it. If you're very bold, try eye contact in "regular" places too, if you like what you see. If you're in a larger metropolitan area, your local leather bar is perfect, as newbies are always welcome. Put on your best femme drag, and drop your hankie in front of the lady of your choice.

PSYCHO-SEXUAL

Ever since a painful breakup, every time I try to have sex with my new girlfriend, I have a strong feeling that she's going to rape me. But I have absolutely no background of sexual abuse in my past. Plus, I was the one in my last relationship who wanted sex all the time, and it was my ex who didn't like to be touched. What's wrong with me? Is it karma? Is my new girlfriend a potential rapist?

It's not karma, just a mismatched pairing. With circumstances as you describe, I can only surmise that you really don't want to be in a relationship with this woman. For both your sakes, back off—you're not being fair to her or yourself. As to when you'll feel comfortable having sex, the right girl will reawaken your libido. Keep your eyes open!

EXHIBITIONISM FOR THE TYPE-A

I am a big exhibitionist, but my high-profile job doesn't allow me to pose for photographers, work in strip joints, or attend sex parties. Do you have any suggestions for low-profile exhibitionism?

Actually, yes. If you're afraid of being seen by the wrong people, try it in the next town over. If you're on the Net, a video-equipped computer can open up a whole new world—either from the neck down or with masks, wigs, and other creative costuming. The anonymity of a big-city sex or leather club, far from your home, is wonderful. Take a weekend trip to New York or San Francisco and party safely.

PANTY-SNIFFING CROTCH FIEND

I get aroused by smelling girls' underwear. Is this common? How should I go about meeting someone like me?

Of course, it's normal for a lesbian to like the smell of pussy—on panties or anywhere! (My worn panties are one of my most popular items.) Do you want someone who would like you to sniff her panties, or someone who likes to sniff, too? You've got nothing to lose if, with your next lover, you ask for a pair of worn panties to remember her by when you're not together.

MAMA WARNED YOU

I always fall in love with the biggest losers, just because we're fucking. How can I keep from getting emotionally attached to the women I have sex with?

How? By receiving professional help in understanding why you give your love so freely and inappropriately. Some women feel sex is dirty if they're not in love. In order to relax and enjoy sex, they convince themselves that it's love. Others may be looking to be rescued—"I love you, so you're obligated to me!" But it sounds like you're not falling in love: you're having infatuations, like a teenager. Usually we grow out of these obsessions—otherwise, we are unable to form lasting, intimate bonds. Anyway you look at it, falling in love just because you're having sex is an immature emotional pattern, and you should seek assistance.

ANAL INQUISITIVE

I've always wanted to fuck a girl in the ass. Any instructions?

Yes. There are plenty of instructional videos and books about anal sex; a great resource is the Sexuality Library Catalog (415-974-8990). You could shop around to find a girl who already likes it or is interested. Cultural taboos make it hard to get someone interested in anal eroticism who is not currently curious.

Advertising on the Net or in the personals helps cut down the field—only those interested will bother responding. In the meantime, practice on yourself till it feels good. The more you know, the better you'll be!

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT—PSYCHE!

I am perfectly content never to have sex, yet I know my girlfriend is sexually unsatisfied. Is it normal for me to have no sex drive?

No, I don't feel it's "normal" to have no sex drive. It is common, though, through early childhood conditioning, for some women to be made unaware of their sexual feelings. Your mind-body split seems pronounced. You don't say, but this must be a major source of tension in the relationship. How do you express intimacy, tenderness, and love for one another? How are her needs being met? Why are you together? You haven't asked, but I'd recommend that you get some therapy to help you reconnect with your body. You're missing out on the greatest gift of all: orgasms with someone you love—yourself!

ALTARED STATE

I really want to get married, but everyone I meet just wants something casual. How do I meet a lady who wants to get hitched?

I've always said, "You can't catch bass in a trout pond." Marriage-minded women are less likely to hang out in your local bar. Try cultural events that interest you: adult education classes, community centers, and volunteer or political work. Ask your friends whether they know any like-minded gals. Don't be ashamed to place a personals ad—just don't lie or stretch the truth too much. Happy hunting!

DEMOLITION PUSSY

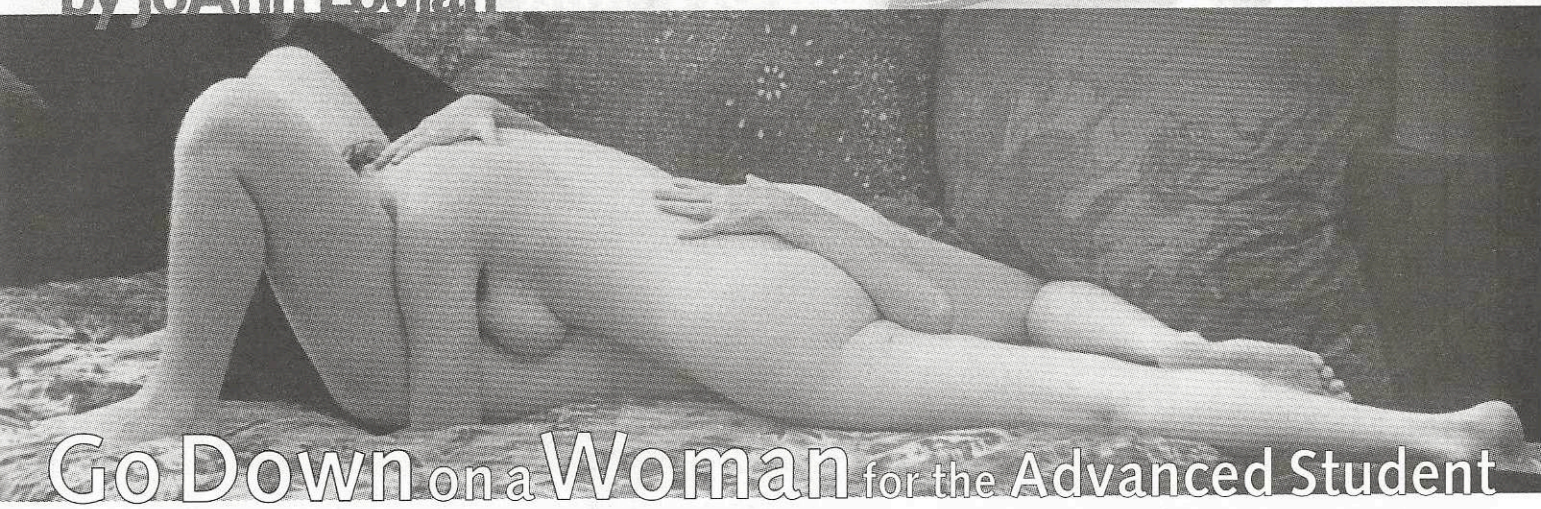
Is it true that a vagina can break the bones in my hand when I'm fisting?

No human vagina is strong enough to crush bones in an adult hand. I have found, though, that the wrist can be squeezed so hard, the hand tingles. After an orgasm, the pussy should relax enough to let your hand slide out.

Nina Hartley is a registered nurse and porn star. She'll fix you up: just fax or mail her all your sex-related troubles. Fax: 415-648-4705; mail: Dear Nina c/o **On Our Backs** Magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: staff@gfriends.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM & EVE

by JoAnn Loulan



Go Down on a Woman for the Advanced Student

1 CLEAN UP. I know it sounds unfeminist and all, but sometimes we need to sweeten ourselves up for someone else's tastes. Lots of women stop going down on their partners because of the simple issue of smell. Want to be right, or get laid?

2 TOUCH HER. If she's going first, take mental notes—go down on her like she went down on you. If you're going first, spread her legs and stroke her slowly with whatever you want: your hand, your lips, your hips, silk, velvet, feathers. Get her flesh ready for you. Lick slowly up her thighs until you get close to her vagina. Put your fingers to her lips, and spread them open. I always think women's genitals look like some beautiful, primitive chiton that's soft and furry. And there's nothing like the wonderful slime of a woman's vagina. It's the moment right before your second date and a U-Haul, so make this moment conscious and powerful and fun.

3 YEP, YOU'LL NEED YOUR TONGUE. Make your tongue work her like a beautiful lizard drinking water off a flower. Stroke every inch of her labia, clitoris, and vagina. Put that tongue up in her vagina. Forget the orgasm, forget the kids, forget your chores. Oh, sweet mystery of a woman! Nothing is like the intimate act of supplication. Oh, and spend a lot more time licking her cunt than you spend looking for a parking space or waiting for a bus. This is the elixir of the goddesses. Don't miss a drop.

4 HIT THE G SPOT. The best way to find her G spot is to look at her clit, put your fingers in her vagina, and start stroking once you are at the middle knuckle on your finger, and keep moving up slowly. A lot of women can't feel it, so you need to move slow and soft to get the right sensation for her. Stroke toward your face and the back of her clit.

5 CHECK OUT THE COOL SPRAY. Because you're grooving on her G, she may spray some of that elixir from her paraurethral sponge (the technical name for the G spot) out through her urethra. Don't be grossed out—it's not pee. It may smell like pee somewhat, but only because it's coming out of the same tube. Take that spray, and rub it all over her, all over your mouth, and lick it up onto her clit.

6 PULL OUT YOUR DILDO. Make sure it's warm! Keep the stimulation going on her clit—she needs to keep that vagina oiled and ready. See if you can keep your tongue on her clit, and grease up that dildo for her. Now slide it in. Move it in and out, back and forth, slowly and then at whatever speed feels good to her. But you knew that.

7 ASK HER. Some girls like it rammed, some like it s-l-o-w. Raise your tongue for the second it takes to ask, "Do you like this? Shall I go faster? Slower? Stop? I want to do just what you want me to do." Of course, she may be the kind of girl who wants you to take advantage of her and not ask. You need to find this out now, okay?

8 STICK YOUR FINGER IN HER ASS. Wow, this could be heaven. (Although for some this could be hell—careful.) Go slow, use lots of lubrication, don't put anything that was in her ass into her cunt. Make sure there's enough room for all you're trying to do. Only stretch if it feels good. Keep the tongue moving, girlfriend.

9 PULL OUT THE PLUG-IN. Vibrator, that is. Move it against her skin—her vagina or ass, on her breasts, anywhere you can think of. Don't kill her with overstimulation though—just do what's good for her and feels fun to you.

10 KEEP THAT GROOVE UP. Pay attention to what she's telling you. The groove is important, and it's just between the two of you.

Don't

FORGET TO USE A BARRIER. If you or your partner has a sexually transmitted disease or infection such as a yeast infection, venereal warts, or herpes, place a dental dam (available at sex supply stores) or plastic wrap over her vagina. Be careful with the plastic wrap: if the licker has had drugs or alcohol, she could asphyxiate. You may also want to use a barrier if you're unsure of your partner's HIV or AIDS status. No data supports the transmission of AIDS from vagina to mouth, but err on the side of caution.

HAVE ORAL SEX WHEN EITHER OF YOU HAS A COLD SORE. Cold sores are the same things as herpes. Lots of people have 'em: don't stress, just don't go down or let your partner go down on you during an outbreak unless you use a barrier. One herpes sore could go from lip to lip, to vagina to vagina, and one or both of you could end up with vaginal herpes.

HAVE ORAL SEX AFTER YOU LUBRICATE. That stuff can taste really crummy.

LICK AROUND THE ANUS BEFORE YOU LICK AROUND THE VAGINA. Bacteria that lives around your anus will wreak havoc on a vagina. If you want to rim, cover the anus with a dental dam, and then lick away.

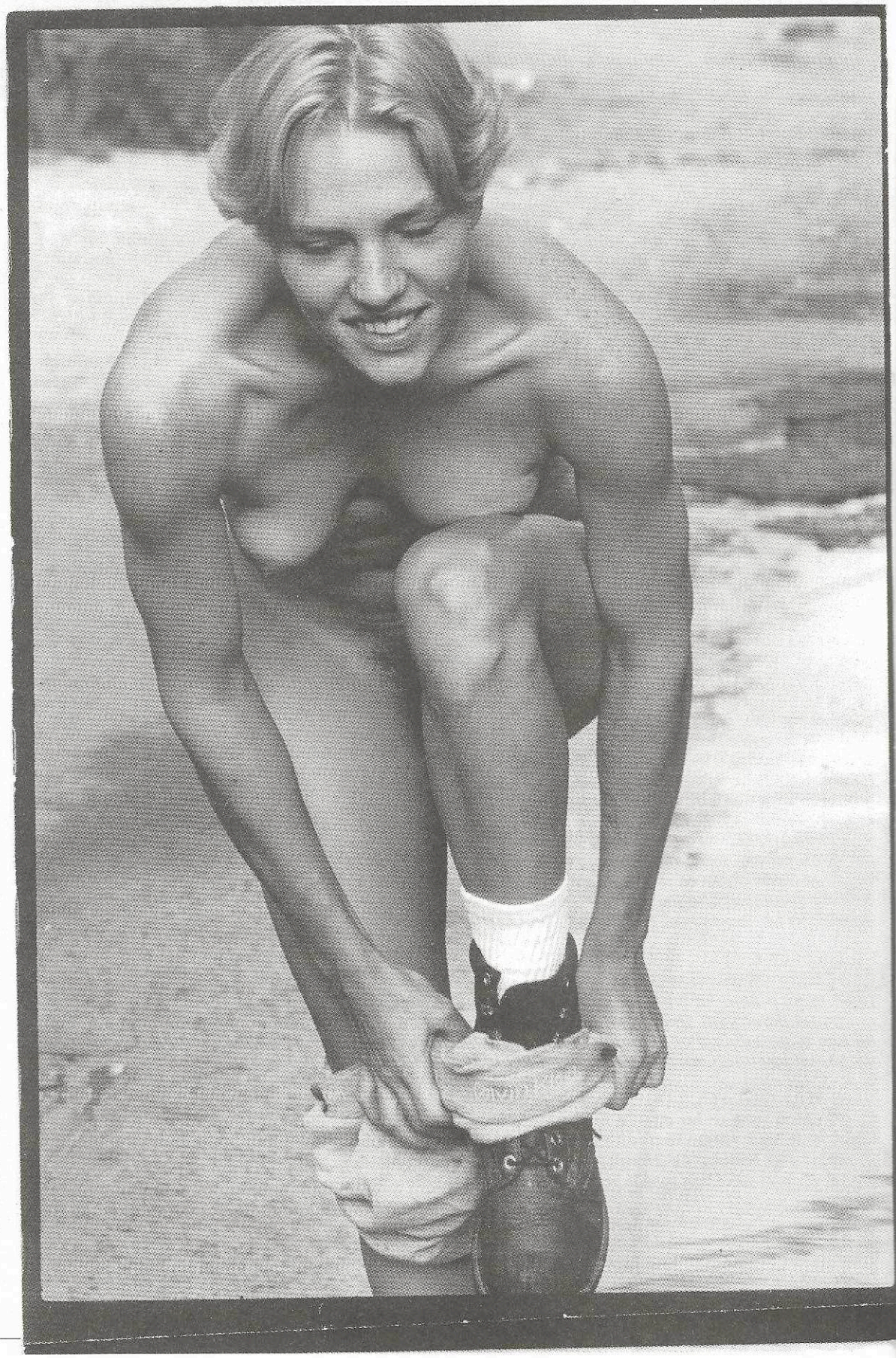
FORCE YOUR PARTNER TO HAVE ORAL SEX. If your partner is phobic about oral sex, don't make her go through with it—heck, 30 percent of lesbians don't like going down. Find something she does like.

JoAnn Loulan is a reknowned psychotherapist and author of *Lesbian Sex*, *Lesbian Passion*, and *The Lesbian Erotic Dance*.

Photograph by Tee A. Corinne

New Dawn Coming

DAWN DIXON TAKES OFF HER TOOL BELT



VITAL STATS

AGE:
25

OCCUPATION:
Roofer

LOCATION:
Harrisburg, Ohio

STATUS:
Has a girlfriend of 2½ years

WHY YOU SHOULD BE HER NEIGHBOR:
"I like to walk around my house naked with the blinds up."

HOBBIES:
Riding her motorcycle and winning bets by picking up straight girls.

FAVORITE CLUB:
Wall Street in Columbus. "I feel like I'm having foreplay with the women I dance with."

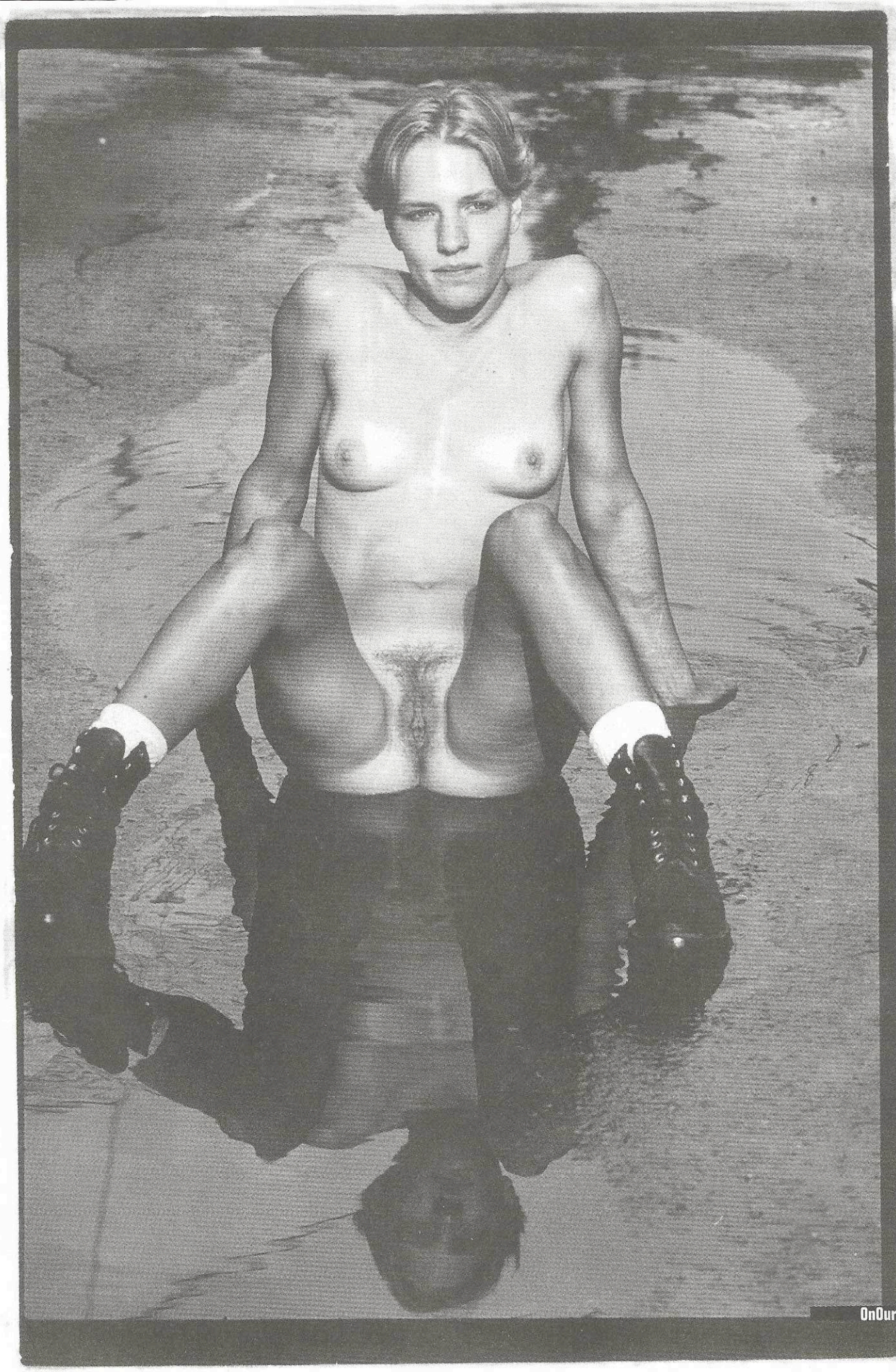
FAVORITE BODY PARTS:
Breasts and "a lot of butt."

MOST MEMORABLE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE:
Having a three-way with her girlfriend and another woman and having her brother walk in.

COMMON FANTASY:
Getting it on with the women whose roofs she's working on. ("Going down there, taking off my tool belt, and, you know...")

kh

Photography by LeeAnn McGu


OnOurBacks

NINA HARTLEY

INTERVIEW BY ATHENA DOURIS

Nina Hartley is loud, fast talking, and, well, butch. The very first time I met her, she grabbed my butt while we were posing for a photo. I was shocked. She wasn't. Her deep voice, her swagger, and her sexy six-pack overwhelm her saline tits and for-the-camera false eyelashes. Much later, in the restaurant where we've gone for our interview, Hartley barks "Woof!" when an attractive woman passes our table. She's not what you expect out of the most-awarded XXX star in the adult film industry—or any woman, period.

In addition to the 350 adult films she has starred in, the self-described "bisexual exhibitionist" has directed and produced eight adult films herself, including two educational videos. She was directed by Cynthia Roberts ("a feminist Russ Meyers") and appeared with Annie Sprinkle (who played God) in the feminist sex-fantasy movie *Bubbles Galore*—which won the Prix de Public Award for Best Film—and most recently costarred in the Oscar-nominated *Boogie Nights*. She's appeared on *Oprah, Donahue,* and *Geraldo* as a feminist porn star. She cofounded and wrote the health section for the Pink Ladies Social Club, a support group and bimonthly newsletter for women in porno films, for two years. She's also the first "A-line" (i.e., most attractive, and therefore most valuable) actress to work with black partners.

Hartley's life work is, by the way, all feminism's fault. "This is what you get when you raise a girl on *Our Bodies, Ourselves,*" says Hartley gleefully. "That's where I read that sex is healthy, and there's nothing wrong with sex between two consenting adults."

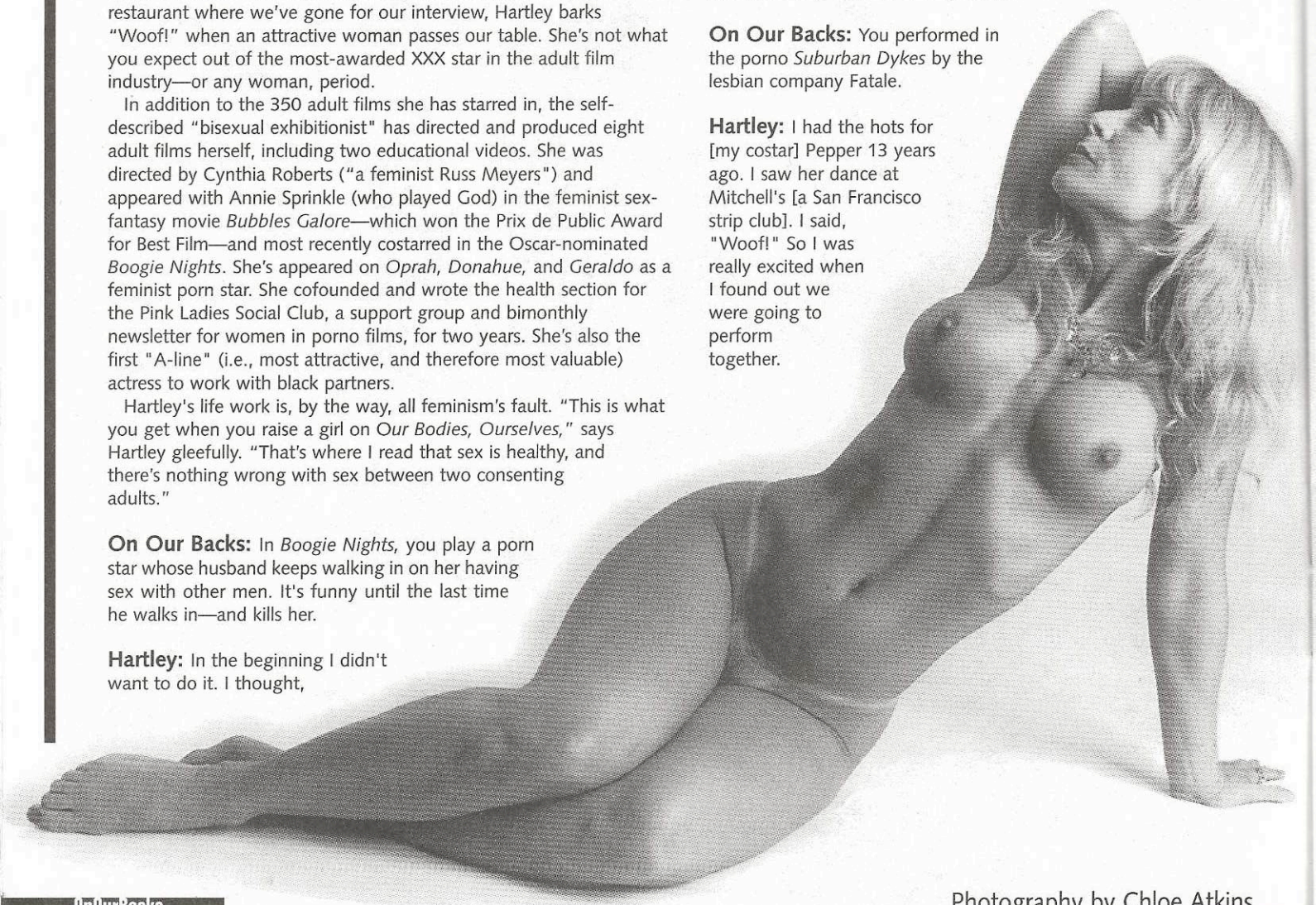
On Our Backs: In *Boogie Nights,* you play a porn star whose husband keeps walking in on her having sex with other men. It's funny until the last time he walks in—and kills her.

Hartley: In the beginning I didn't want to do it. I thought, "Oh my God, I'm getting killed." But the way they ended up [filming], you don't even see it. So I thought, okay.

I loved the movie. They were 100 percent positive, very professional. Burt Reynolds was professional but distant. And Marky Mark was very flirtatious. Very Italian.

On Our Backs: You performed in the porno *Suburban Dykes* by the lesbian company Fatale.

Hartley: I had the hots for [my costar] Pepper 13 years ago. I saw her dance at Mitchell's [a San Francisco strip club]. I said, "Woof!" So I was really excited when I found out we were going to perform together.



Photography by Chloe Atkins

Unfortunately, *Suburban Dykes* has a very common porno plot in which two couples swap wives. Well, Pepper was my husband in the movie, so I didn't get to fuck my husband. I had sex with Pepper's wife in the video. She was great, but I was so bummed out. Pepper is such a babe!

On Our Backs: You're in a three-way marriage: you have a wife, Bobby, and a husband, Dave. Can you describe what it's like to be in love with two people?

Hartley: I thought I was nonmonogamous when I was 12. I knew I was when I was 14, and I acted on it when I was 18. I knew a nontraditional relationship was the only way for me. Dave and I had our first date in 1980 when I was 19. The first thing he said to me was, "I'm nonmonogamous."

He used to tell me about Bobby all the time. She sounded so secure in her sexuality; she would tell Dave, "Go see Nina more," because he would come home in a good mood. She was my first regular female lover.

When I was 21, [all three of us] had a commitment ceremony. Bobby wouldn't [legally] marry a man; she won't take shit from men. I call her my wife because it denotes the nature of the relationship. She's my partner. She and I rarely have sex with just the two of us; usually it's a threesome.

On Our Backs: Do you still swing even though you're a porn star?

Hartley: I would be a swinger and an open bisexual no matter what. If I was a midwife, I'd be a swinger.

On Our Backs: Why swinging?

Hartley: The [swinger's] community is a female paradise. Sex happens when women want it. It's wonderful to be in a place where your wanting is completely okay.

On Our Backs: Have you ever felt ostracized or felt suspicion from lesbians because you're bisexual?

Hartley: Over all, I feel a tremendous amount of support from the queer community. My persona on camera is very dyke friendly, and they can tell. I'm one of the best strap-on users in the business.

On Our Backs: You've written that feminists have overlooked the pleasure in objectification. Why would women want to objectify each other?

Hartley: I knew something was wrong early on with the objectification argument. I knew I could look at women and not want to hurt them. [But] it's not objectification that's bad, it's asshole men who invade your space. We don't need less objectification, we need better manners.

On Our Backs: What's one criticism you have of the porn industry?

Hartley: The only thing wrong with straight porn is there's no butch women at all. Until we have another sexual revolution, we're not going to have happy butch women from Virginia in pornos.

On Our Backs: What's the one sexual hang-up that you have?

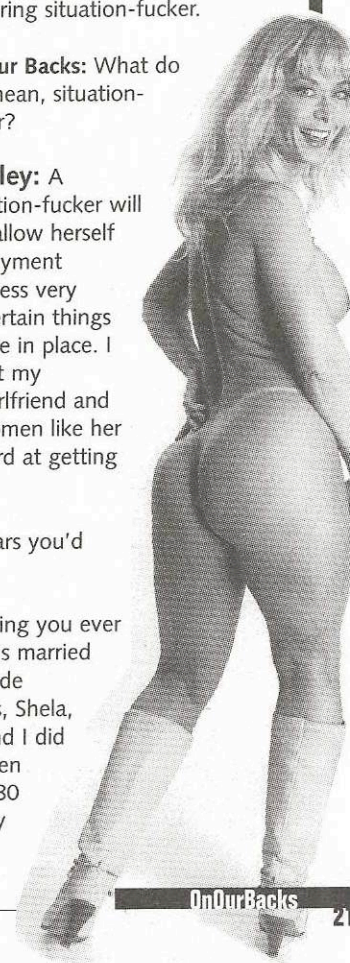
Hartley: I don't have any hang-ups now. In the past, my hang-ups had more to do with body alienation, with not being able to relax and let the pleasure in. But I really worked a lot on [becoming unrepressed] between the ages of 13 and 21. Now, in my mind, there's no inherently disgusting sex act except for eating shit. I guess you can say I'm a recovering man-hater and a recovering situation-fucker.

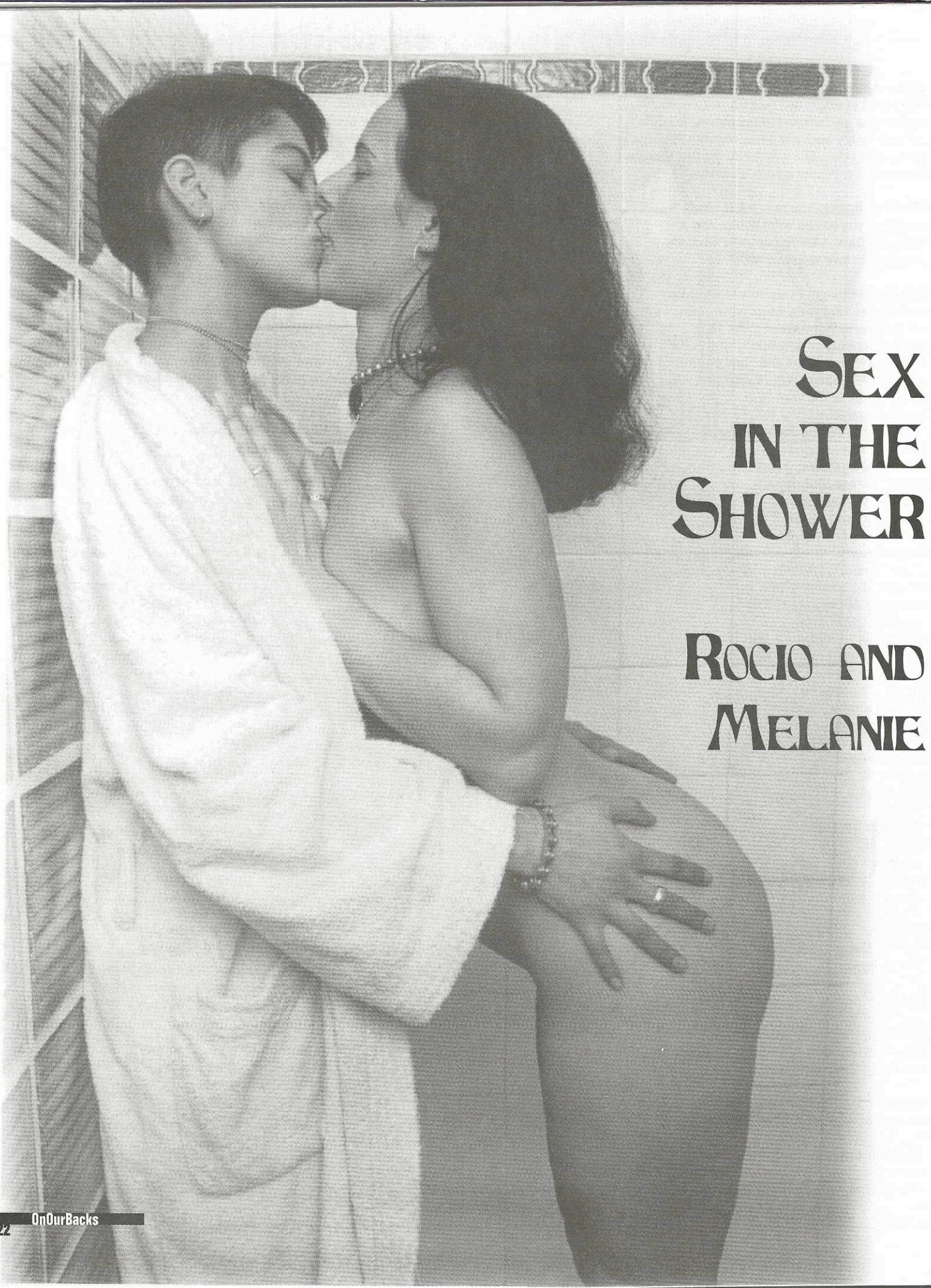
On Our Backs: What do you mean, situation-fucker?

Hartley: A situation-fucker will not allow herself enjoyment unless very certain things are in place. I let my girlfriend and women like her reconnect my sexuality; I worked very hard at getting over my hang-ups.

On Our Backs: Who are some porn stars you'd recommend to lesbians?

Hartley: Felicia F. is the butchest little thing you ever saw. Caressa Savage and the woman she's married to, Jo Savage, they're both beautiful blonde women. Missy, Anna Melle, Sahara Sands, Shela, NaVaux, Ruby, and Porsha Lynn. Ruby and I did a great strap-on scene in *Dirty Minds*. Even though these movies are made for men, 80 percent of the actresses like women. They do.





Sex in the Shower

Rocio and Melanie

Rocio and Melanie have done their own nude photoshoots for years, but they've never been in a shoot not for their eyes alone. "Do I just mack on Melanie?" asked Rocio the night before the shoot. Not to worry: once photographer Chloe Atkins asked them to strip and jump in the shower, the couple knew just what to do. After the photos were developed, Rocio and Melanie stared over the contact sheets in awe. "I've never seen pictures of us having sex," said Melanie. "I like it."

Photography by Chloe Atkins

OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

MY BIG FAT

A LESBIAN DONG IS BORN

"Do you think it's possible to make a dildo that doesn't look like a penis?" asked Dell Williams, proprietor of Eve's Garden in New York, the oldest woman-owned sex toy store in the country. It was 1973, and she was posing the question to one Gosnell Duncan, a man who had called Williams offering to send her samples of handcrafted dildos.

"I realized that if I saw a man and a dildo lying on a bed side by side, I'd be able to tell the difference."

—former Good Vibrations manager Honey Lee Cottrell

At the time, Duncan was leading workshops on sexuality for the disabled; his own disability (a war injury that left him unable to have an erection) and the needs of his students inspired him, along with his wife Angela, to make dildos in their own homes.

Duncan had called Williams because he was looking to expand his market. He considered the nonpenile dildo; he said yes. The entrepreneur and Williams decided to collaborate on the first series of dildos especially for lesbians, and Scorpio Novelty Products, Inc., was born.

They had no idea what they started.

Today, Scorpio sells thousands of dildos to sex stores across the country and still serves a primarily lesbian population. Since 1986, Good Vibrations, one of Scorpio's largest purchasers and the largest woman-oriented, woman-run sex toy store in the U.S., has sent approximately 250,000 appendages home with happy shoppers.

True, sales started out slow: Mindi Levine, publicity and advertising coordinator of Good Vibrations, reports that they carried only a few dildos until the mid-eighties. In 1985 and 1986, the store sold between 200 and 350 dildos per year. In 1990, Levine clocked 17,000 dildos sold; just seven years later, sales rocketed to 23,000. In the year 2000, she expects to sell 25,000 dildos. Levine couldn't offer a definitive estimate for the percentage purchased by lesbians but stresses "a lot."

And Good Vibrations isn't the only company making a profit off penetration. After unsuccessfully lobbying Good Vibrations to manufacture silicone dildos under their own name, a woman named Marilyn Bishara begin doing it herself in 1991. Her dildo manufacturing company, Vixen Creations, is lesbian-owned and operated. Malia Spanyol, Vixen's general manager, reports a more than 200 percent increase in wholesale dildo purchases between 1995 and 1997, from 3,000 to 10,425. She estimates selling 50,000 in the year 2000. "We've just been getting bigger and bigger and bigger," she crows.

DICKING AROUND WITH DEMOGRAPHICS

Where are all these dildos actually going? Contrary to stereotypes, dildo consumption knows no geographic bounds. With the advent of mail-order phalluses in the mid-eighties, the farm dyke is as likely to have a dick in her night table as the urban riot grrrl. However, both of these consumers are more likely than not to be of European descent. According to a National Sexual Health Survey, "Sex toys are by far most popular among whites, 12 percent of whom said they use them. Only 2 percent of African Americans admitted using sex toys, while 6 percent of Hispanics said they used them." Good Vibes also reports that people of European descent buy the most sex toys from their stores, followed by African Americans, Asian Pacific Islanders, and then Hispanics.

This may be connected to how much dildos cost: a low-end dildo often costs more than a high-end vibrator. The average silicone dildo at Good Vibrations, for example, costs around $40. Harnesses range from $30 to $60. Many women simply can't afford leisure items this expensive.

Still, the dildo registers a wide range of reactions along class, gender, age, and other lines. Says Taylor, 23, "In my 12 years of being out as a dyke, I've noticed that younger women are not as open to sex toys as older women as well as upper-class women not being as interested in fucking as much as lower-class women." Taylor further notes, "I've never fucked a rich young woman in her ass."

SILLY FEMINIST, DICKS ARE FOR CHICKS!

The dildo's current popularity was not without its fits and starts. For women who had spent time in the 1970s founding rape crisis centers, counseling abused women, and struggling to have claims of sexual harassment taken seriously, the rising popularity of the dildo seemed a mockery and invasion of fragile victories won against what dildos seemed to represent. In reality, of course, neither bodies nor dildos mean only one thing; women are both vulnerable and powerful and many things in between.

Thyme Siegel, 53, a Jewish writer, recalls living in Oakland in 1970 when a pamphlet entitled "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm" circulated among her lesbian community. The pamphlet highlighted the clitoris as the focal point of a female-centered sexuality. "We believed it," remembers Siegel.

Ten years later, Siegel was traveling back and forth between her home in Eugene, Oregon, and San Francisco. She visited the Bisexual Center and learned about dildos, transsexuality, and other deviations from standard lesbian practice. She began having dreams about being penetrated by dildos.

Siegal may not have been the only woman hankering for a dildo, but finding one was still a difficult task. At the time, Good Vibrations carried only a few dildos intentionally. According to then-manager Honey Lee Cottrell, owner and founder of Good Vibrations Joani Blank needed to be convinced to carry dildos at all. Blank espoused the received feminist wisdom of the day, which was that anything resembling a penis would create an unsafe environment for women.

DICK

special report by Jill Nagle

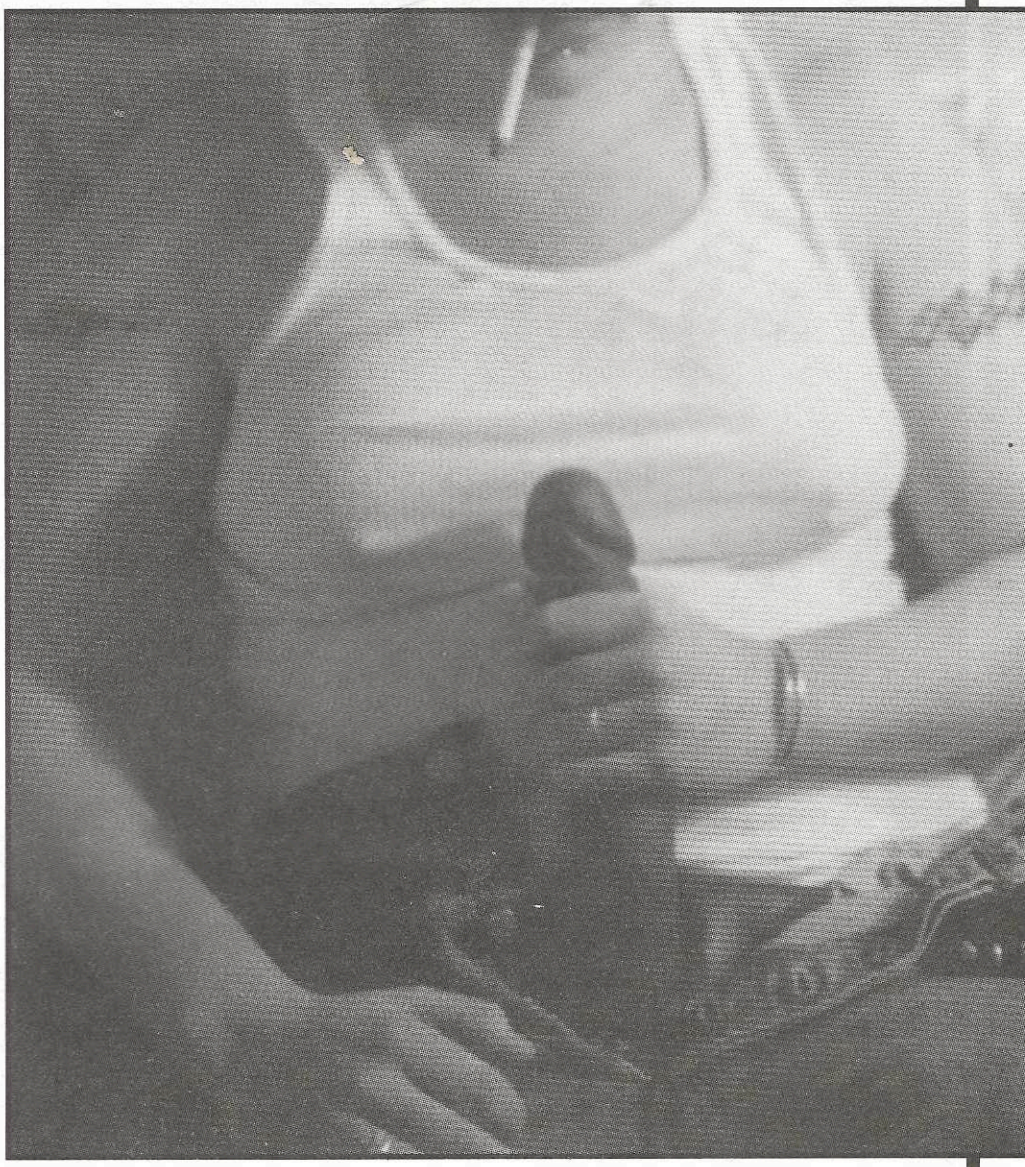
Despite opposition from the "woman-identified" crowd, dildos have penetrated deep into lesbian territory. Exclusively for the new *On Our Backs*, dildo makers and shakers explain why dykes love their dicks.

"It wasn't just that they looked like penises. They were gross. They were made of this awful material—plastisol—with a very chemical smell, with pockmarks and pits," Blank recalls. At the time, Blank was embroiled in endless discussions about clitoral versus vaginal orgasms. Women were refuting the idea that the "right" way to have an orgasm necessarily involved the vagina. In fact, the catch phrase of the day was that the only people who have vaginal orgasms are men.

"We didn't want to perpetuate the idea that you really need something inside your vagina to get off," explains Blank. Dildos, she says, implicitly elevated intercourse. "[My view on dildos] wasn't so much anti-dildo as it was proclit."

Cottrell herself recounts, "I had a negative attitude [about dildos] for years and years. It wasn't the kind of thing lesbians should be doing! I knew old-style dykes, 1950s bar dykes, who were making and using their own dildos. [I once went] off on a mad-dog rage about how you weren't supposed to use them. If you wanted a man, you should be with a man—not ask another woman to be a man. That was how my prejudicial logic ran. This woman looked at me and said, 'Well, a dildo is not the same thing as a man.' I realized that night that if I saw a man and a dildo lying on a bed side by side, I'd be able to tell the difference."

The reluctance to welcome the dildo into lesbian cultures and spaces reflects perceptions of these penis-like appendages as somehow tainting lesbian purity or aesthetics. Colleen Lamos, 42, a professor at Rice University in Texas and author of *Taking on the Phallus* recalls her own dildo transformation. "I began to realize that the conventional feminist line on dildos was a dead end," says Lamos. "It wound up affirming the powerlessness and victimization of women. It wasn't empowering to repeat that stance. "She met a lover who wanted to explore toys, experimented, and changed her mind.



photography by Ricky Lee

PUSSY-POWERED

How did our community go from phallus-condemning to dildo-pushing? Why are we strapping on dicks instead of buying more attachments for our vibrators?

It's a difficult question: the answer may have as much to do with changes in women's relation to technology and to consumerism as is does with changes in popular lesbian-feminist rhetoric. But there's no denying that sex-positive publications in the mid-eighties, such as *Our Bodies, Ourselves,* and *My Secret Garden,* as well as more academic collections, such as *Powers of Desire* and *Pleasure and Danger,* profoundly influenced lesbian sex practices. These books hailed sexual pleasure as the logical flipside to sexual danger?

In conjunction with female centered, sex-positive discourse, attention shifted to the G spot, and the vagina began to once again share center stage with the clitoris. A number of toys designed especially to stimulate this area, particularly vibrator attachments, hit the market. Dildos began to curve toward the G spot. This new focus on the vagina alone (as opposed to vis-à-vis the penis) helped to situate women's bodies as the starting point for thinking about our sexuality.

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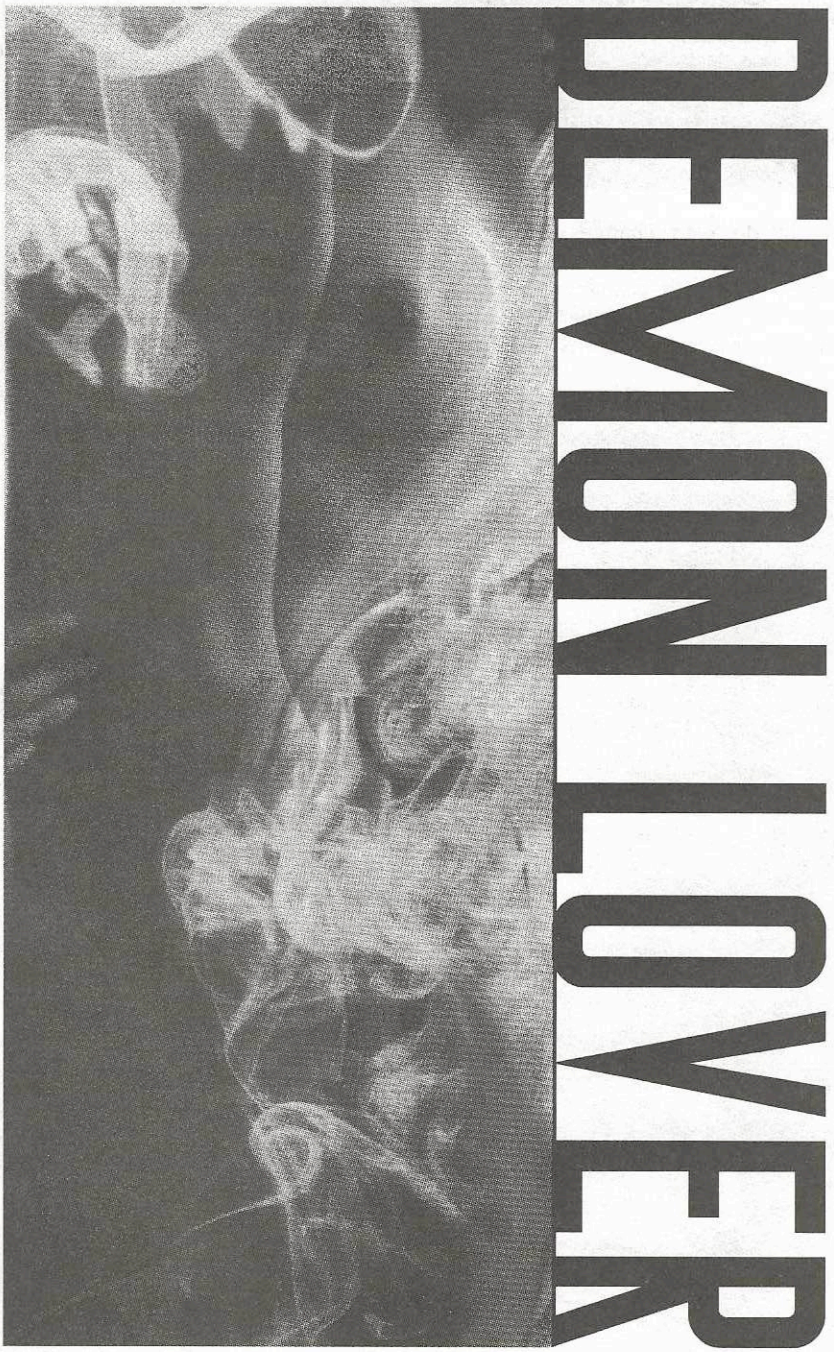

DEMON LOVER

On Our Backs *was often the first place that now-famous writers, visionaries, and artists saw their work in print. In honor of* **On Our Backs'** *legacy, we're reprinting a story that first appeared in* **On Our Backs** *exactly one decade ago by Dorothy Allison.*

BY DOROTHY ALLISON

Katy always said she wanted to be the Demon Lover, the one we desire even when we know it is not us she wants, but our souls. When she comes back to me now, she comes in that form, and I never fail to think that the shadows at her shoulders could be wings.

She comes in when I am not quite asleep and brings me fully awake by laying cold fingers on my warm back. Her pale skin gleams in the moonlight, reflecting every beam like a mirror of smoked glass while her teeth and nails shine phosphorescent.

"Wake up," Katy whispers, and leans over to bite my naked shoulder. "Wake up. Wake up!"

"No," I say, "Not you."

But I knew she was coming. I could hear her echoes peeling back off the moments, the way Aunt Raylene always said she could hear a spell coming on. Katy's persistent. Some of my ghosts are so faded, they only come when I reach for them. This one reaches for me.

"Sit up," she says "I won't bite you." But her teeth are sharp in the pale light and I sit up warily. The only predictable thing about Katy was her stubborn perversity; she would do whatever she swore solemnly she would not.

"Shit," I whisper and roll over. She laughs and passes me a joint. The smoke wreathes her like a cloak, heavy and sweet around us. I inhale deeply, grin up at her and say, "My hallucinations get me stoned."

"Lucky you. It costs everyone else money."

She blows smoke out her nose. Katy has a matter-of-fact manner about her tonight, very unlike herself. It's been three years since she OD'd and in that time she's grown more urgent, not less. The strange air of calmness disturbs me. If the dead lose their restlessness do they finally go away?

Something falls in the other room; wood striking wood. It's probably Molly going to the bathroom a little drunk as usual, knocking things over. Katy slides up on one knee and clutches the edge of the waterbed frame. If she were a cat her hair would be on end. As it is, the hair above her ears seems suddenly fuller. I reach over and take the joint from her hand, moving gently, carefully soothing her with only my unspoken demand to hold her.

"You going to wake me up in the night," I tell her, "you might as well entertain me. Tell me where you got this delicacy? It's mashed pecan, right? Tastes just like the batch we got in Atlanta that time we hitchhiked up from Daytona Beach."

Still in her cat's aspect, Katy looks back at me, her huge eyes cold and ruthless. Her expression makes me want to push into her breast, put my tongue to her throat, and hear her cruel lovely laugh again. It would be easy, delicious and easy, and not at all the way it had been when she was alive. Alive, she was never easy.

"You ain't got no taste at all. It's Panama City homegrown." she comes back down on the bed, not disturbing the mattress at all. "You always talking 'bout mashed pecan, but first time I got you really stoned on it, you got sick. Spent the night in the bathroom, being the most pitiful child. I swear."

"That was Tampa, and that killer Jamaican." I draw another deep lungful of the sweet smoke. "In Atlanta,

Illustration by Stuart Cudlitz

you got sick and threw up on the only clean shirt I had with me."

Katy gives her laugh finally, and predictably, I feel the goosebumps rise on my thighs. She settles herself so that her naked left hip is against my shoulder. Her skin is smooth, cool, wonderful. I put my hand on her thigh, and she leans forward to sniff my cheek and rub her lips on my eyebrows.

I cannot touch Katy without remembering making love to her on Danny's couch with a dozen drunk and stoned people around the corner in the living room; the tickle of the feathers she wore laced into the small braids over her ears, and the cold chill of the knife she always pulled out of her boot and pushed under the pillows; the sheathed blade that always seemed to migrate down to the small of my back.

Most of all I remember the talent with which Katy would bite me just hard enough to make me gasp, her bubbling laughter as she whispered, "Don't make no noise. They'll hear." Even now, after all this time, I sometimes make love holding my breath, trying to make no sound, pretending that it is the way it always was back then, with drunk and dangerous strangers around the corner, and Katy playing at trying to get me to make a sound they might hear. It was the worst sex and the best, the most dangerous and absolutely the most satisfying. No one else has ever made love to me like that—as if sex were a contest on which your life depended. No one has ever scared me so much, or made me love them so much. And no one else has ever died on me the way she did, with everything between us unsettled and aching.

I slap her thigh brusquely, pushing her back. "You should have had the consideration to puke into a pot. Ruining that shirt that way. You were always careless of me and my stuff."

Katy nods. "A little. Yeah, I was." She settles back on the mattress, cross-legged and still touching my shoulder.

"But I always made it up to you. Remember, I stole you another shirt in Atlanta." Her hand trading the joint is transparent. I can see right through her smoky breasts, the nipples dark and stiff.

"That cotton cowboy shirt with the yellow yoke and the green embroidery. Made you look like a toked-up Loretta Lynn." She gives her short barking laugh.

"You still got that one?"

"No, I lost it somewhere."

I remember going home for the service that one of the local drug counselors organized. People were standing around talking about the shame and the waste, and Katy's mama slapped my hand when I touched her accidentally.

"It should have been you," she'd hissed. "Any one of you, it should have been. Not Katy." Her eyes had been flat and dry. She hadn't cried at all, and neither had I. I spent that night in my mama's kitchen, talking long distance to my mother up north about how everybody had looked; the way Katy's last boyfriend had glared at me from beside his parole officer. I'd hugged the phone to my ear and that yellow cowboy shirt between my fists, wringing it until I was shredding the yoke, pulling the snaps off, ripping the seams. I'd torn that shirt apart, talked for hours, but never gotten around to crying.

I didn't cry until months later in the Women's Center bathroom. I'd been stone sober, but I was standing up to piss, my knees slightly bent, my jeans down around my ankles, my head turned to the side so I could see myself in the mirror. It was the way Katy had insisted we piss when we were road-tripping.

"You're the dyke," she'd always said. "Keep your health. Learn to piss like a boy and keep your butt dry."

"Piss like a boy," I'd whispered into the mirror, into Katy's painful memory. And just that easy her face was there, her full swollen mouth mocking me, whispering back, "Like a dyke. You the dyke here girl. I sure ain't."

So then I'd cried, sobbed and cried, and beaten on that mirror with my fists until the women outside came to try and see what was going on. I'd shut up, washed my face, and told them nothing. What could I tell them anyway? My ghost lover just came back and made me piss all over my jeans. My ghost lover is haunting me, and the trick is I am glad to see her.

Katy hands me the joint again, moving her small hands delicately. She smiles when she sees where my glance is trained. She flexes her fist, opens the fingers, and wags them in front of my nose. I laugh and take the joint again.

"I loved that shirt. It was the best present you ever got me."

"You forgetting those black gloves with the rhinestones on the back I got in the shop on Peachtree Street. We always got the best stuff in Atlanta. Didn't we?"

"You just about got us busted in Atlanta."

"Oh hell, you were just a nervous nelly. Thought you were the only woman capable of sleight of hand. You just never trusted me, girl."

"You were always so stoned. You did stupid things."

"I did wonderful things. I did amazing things, and stoned only made me better, made me smoother. Loosened me up and made me psychic. I was doing acid when I got you those gloves. That windowpane Blackie sold us."

"Purple haze. You always talk about the windowpane, but we only did it once. You talk about the windowpane cause you like to scare people with the notion of you sticking it in your eyes."

"I only did it once with you. I did it lots with Mickey. We put it in our eyes, in our noses. Son of a bitch even shoved it up my ass."

She crushes the joint out on the bedframe. She is smiling and relaxed now, very beautiful even though I am getting angry. Mickey was the one who got her back on junk, left her in the motel room where she overdosed. Mickey was the one who threatened me at her memorial service, with his parole officer standing right there sweating in the heat. Mickey was the one I'd told to try it.

"Come for me, asshole, and I'll cut off your balls and push them up your butt."

The parole officer had smiled, and my sweat turned cold on my back. That wasn't like me, wasn't the kind of thing I'd say. It wasn't even the kind of thing I'd been thinking. It was as if

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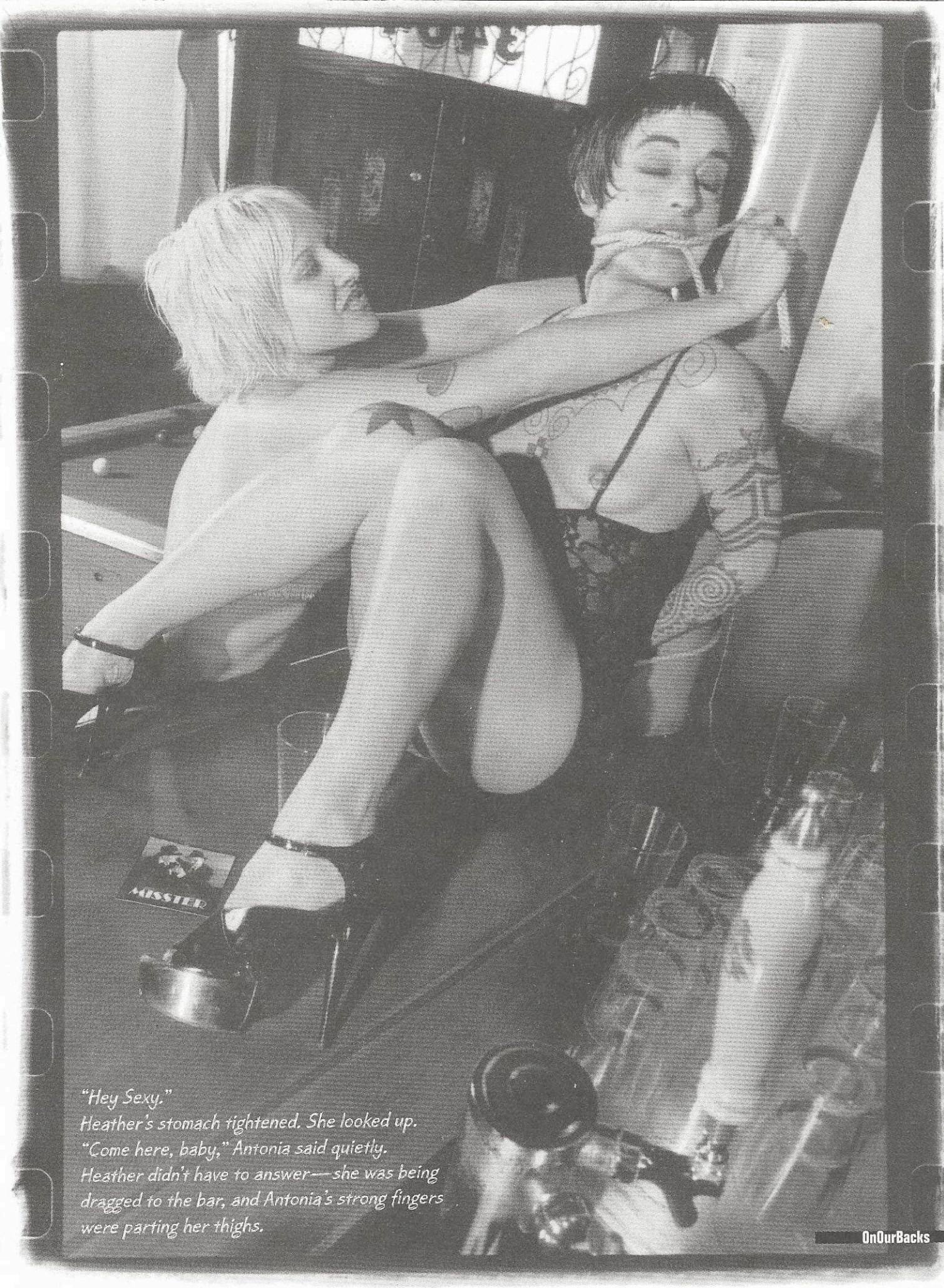
"AHHH, BITCH," SHE WHISPERS AND IT SOUNDS LIKE "LOVER."

Sex At thE Lex

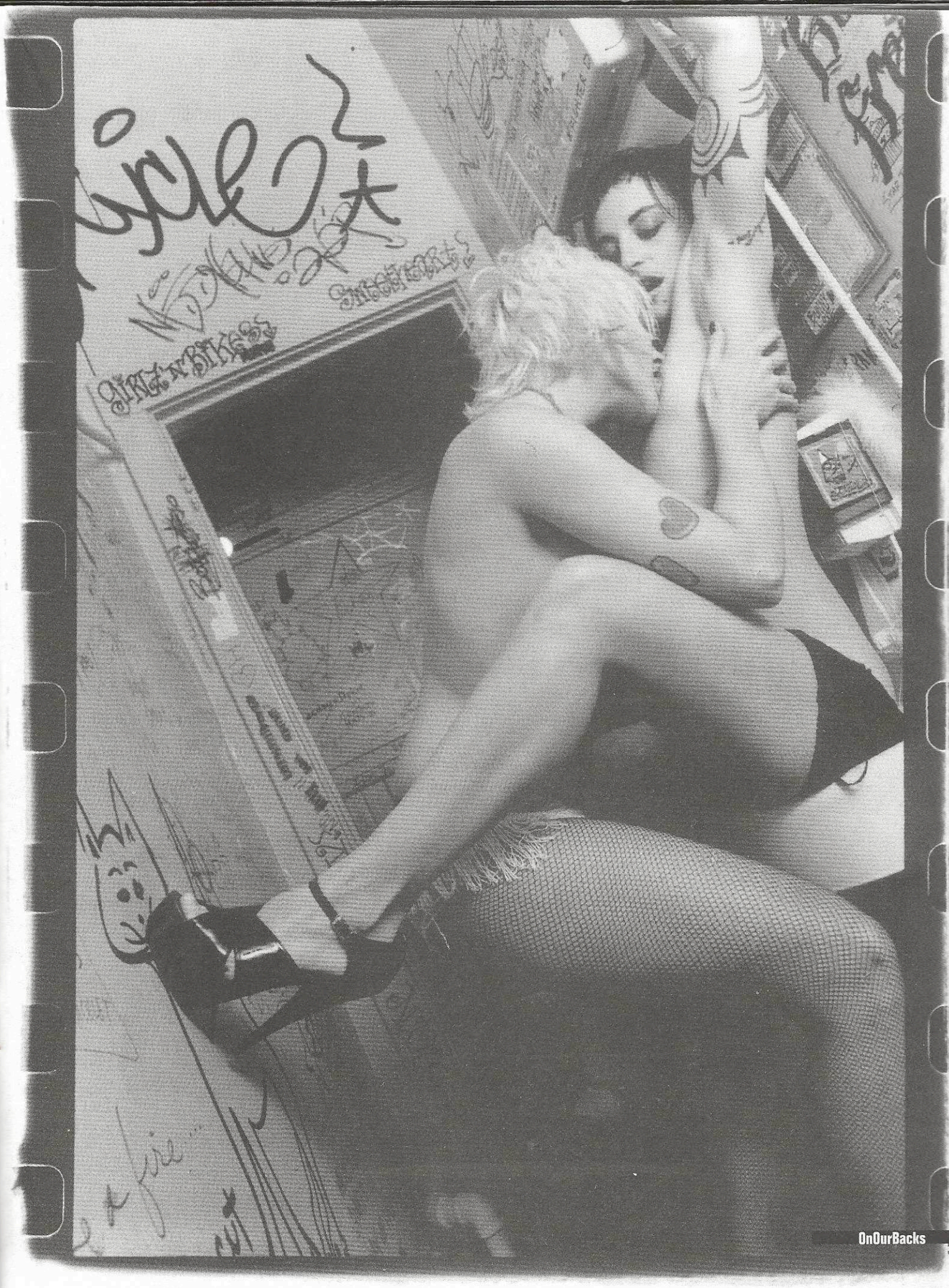
Shot on location at San Francisco's Lexington Club

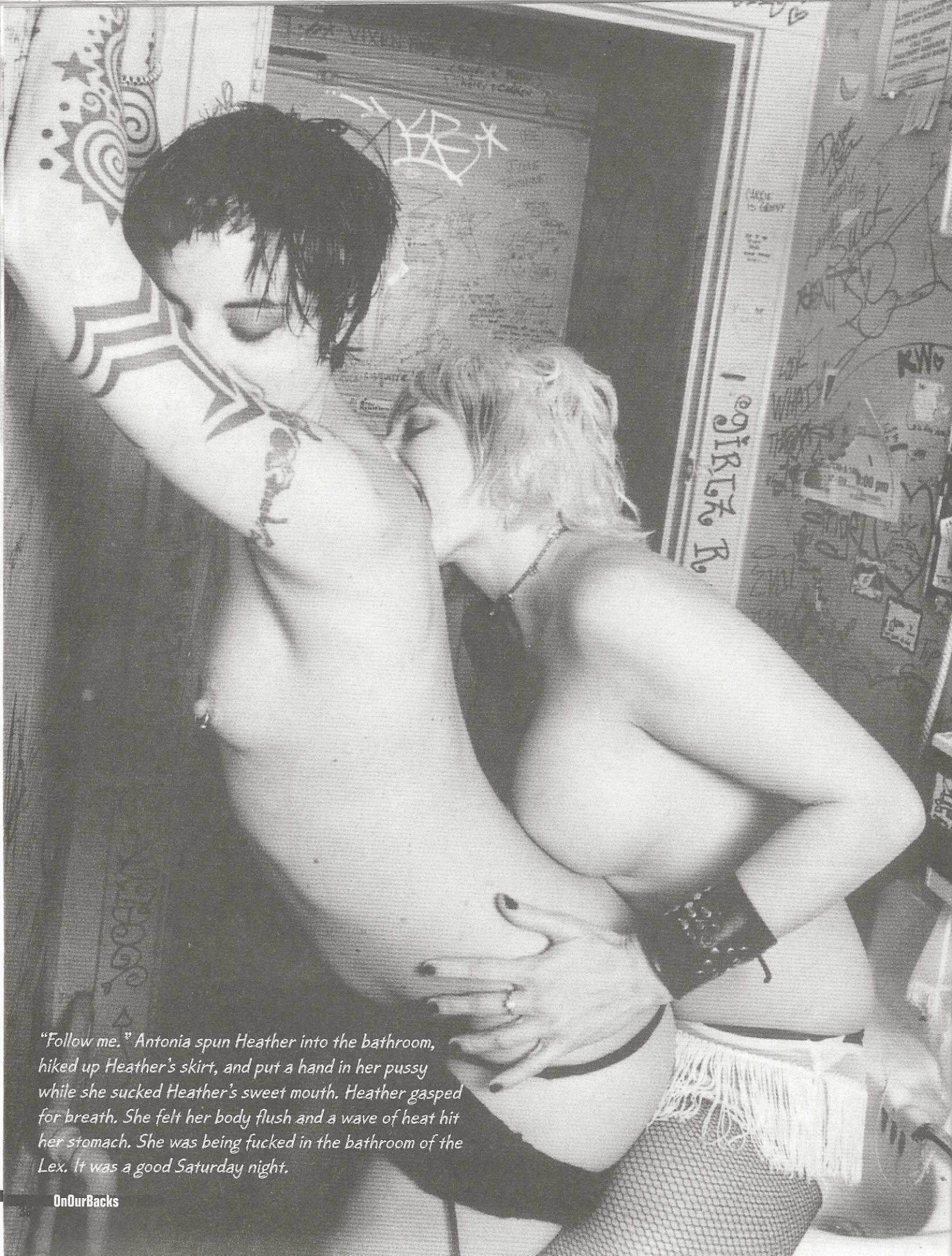
Photography.
Jamie Griffiths
Models.
Heather & Antonia



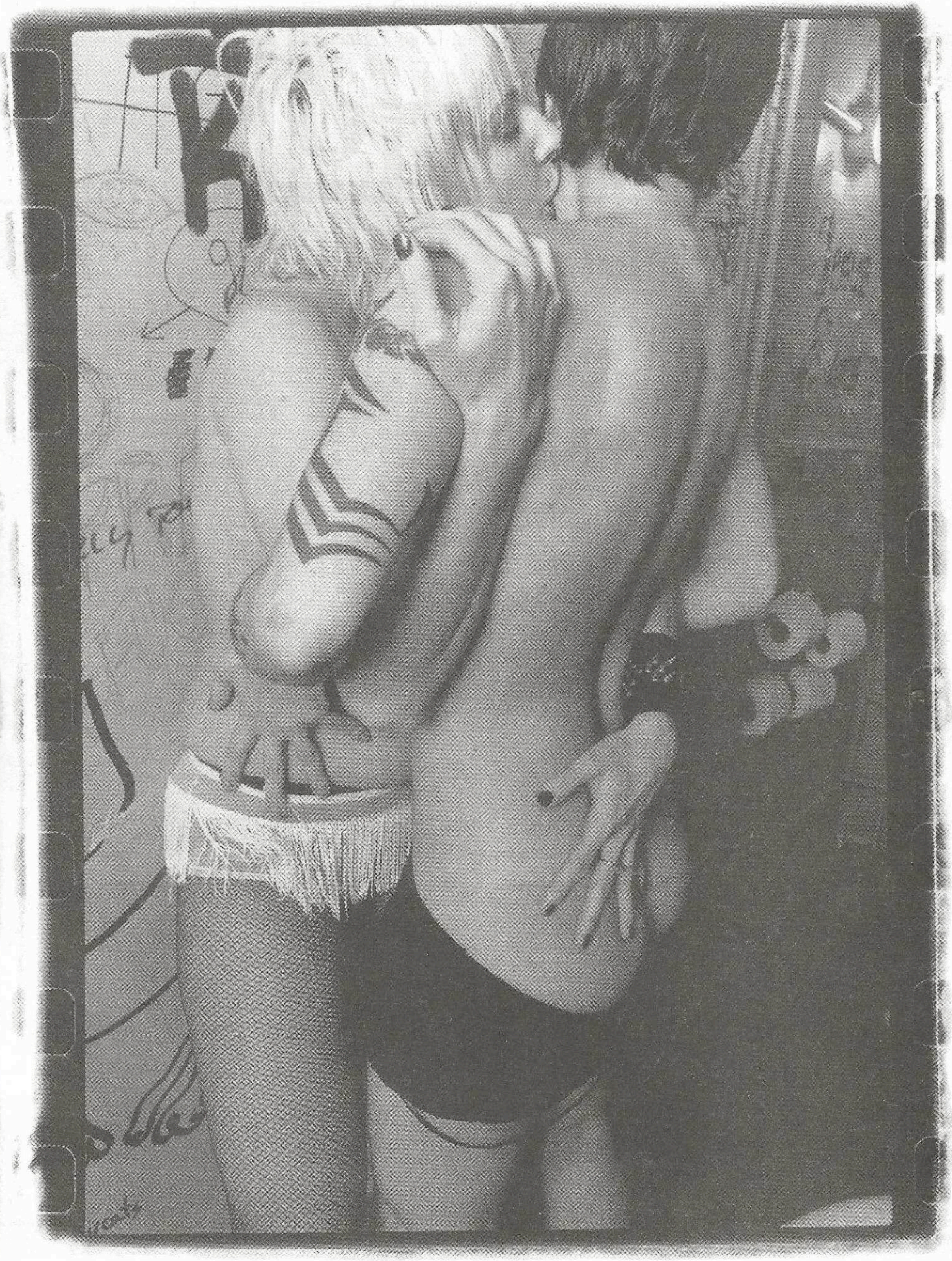
"Hey Sexy."
Heather's stomach tightened. She looked up.
"Come here, baby," Antonia said quietly.
Heather didn't have to answer—she was being dragged to the bar, and Antonia's strong fingers were parting her thighs.

Heather felt her cunt clench as Antonia kissed her.
Antonia kissed like she fucked—
long, hard, and without compassion.



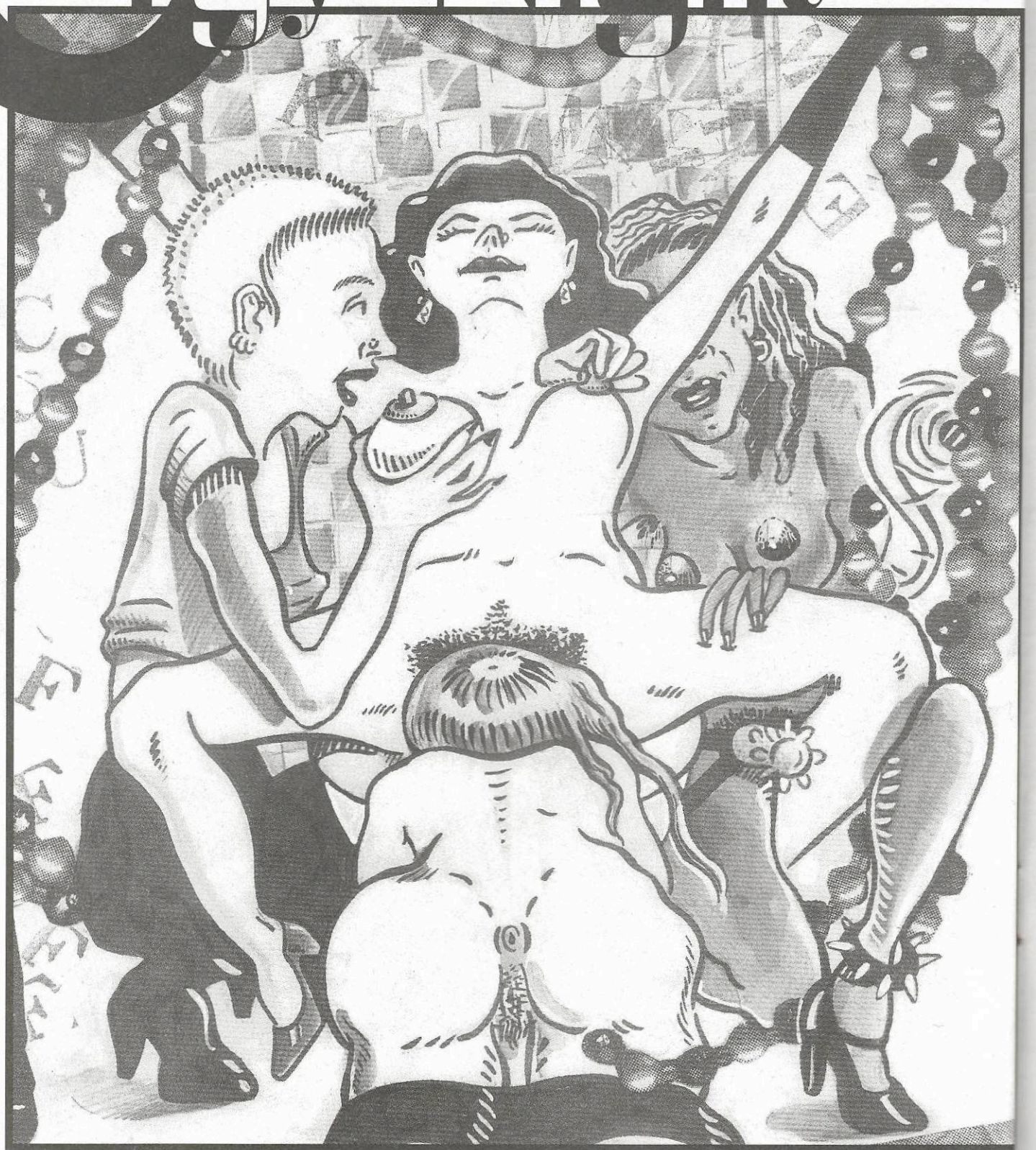


"Follow me." Antonia spun Heather into the bathroom, hiked up Heather's skirt, and put a hand in her pussy while she sucked Heather's sweet mouth. Heather gasped for breath. She felt her body flush and a wave of heat hit her stomach. She was being fucked in the bathroom of the Lex. It was a good Saturday night.



Jacy and Miranda are dancing together at Club Cream and trying to entice Jacy's friend Mack into a three-way...

Orgy Night



An exclusive excerpt from Carol Queen's long-awaited first novel, *The Leather Daddy and the Femme*.

Dance for her, baby. Show her something." Jacy's voice in my ear made me wet no matter what she said. "Come on, get her to look at you. I feel like showing you off once in a while."

So with Jacy at my back I turned to face Mack, and gradually I let the thumping, rhythmic beat get all the way into me, moving me like a lover moves me when we're fucking all the way into each other. Jacy was right behind me, stroking against me, hands on my hips. Mack saw, narrowed her eyes while she figured out what she wanted to do with this so-obvious come-on, then grinned again and danced right at me. I felt like they both had cocks in me, and I couldn't do anything but rock on them, let them fuck me deeper. Jacy had never pulled anything like this before, but it didn't matter.

"Don't forget, baby, she can see every inch of you through that dress," Jacy whispered. "You might as well be dancing naked. You're showing her everything right now. The only thing she can't see is how tight your pussy is." Her hands moved to the front of my body now, caressing, but mostly showing me off to Mack—stroking my pussy, offering my breasts. Mack's hips made undeniable fucking motions.

"Inch the dress up," Jacy said next. "Pull it up slow, I want your cunt, baby, now."

Obeying her, she rewarded me with a cunt full of fingers, entering me from behind and keeping control of my movement with one hand on my hip, pulling me into her and letting me loose so I fucked myself onto her again and again. And Mack had me by the eyes, a clear predatory gaze that wouldn't let go.

Jacy's fingers fucked me relentlessly but stopped every time I was about to come.

I sobbed with frustration when she pulled her fingers out and dragged me off the dance floor. I wasn't ready for the fantasy to be interrupted—Mack marked me up, taking my ass—but maybe now Jacy would take me someplace and really do me. Sure enough, she steered me to the restrooms, which were cavernous. We got a stall right away. She shoved me up against the wall and kissed me breathless, but instead of fucking me, she said, "You're gonna wait right here for me, 'Randa. Don't you fuckin' leave this stall." And she was gone.

I slumped onto the seat, so confused and horny and frustrated I thought I would cry. The porcelain, chilly enough to make me jump, felt good against my sweaty ass. Well, she hadn't said a word about touching myself; I felt sneaky doing it, but I couldn't help stroking my clit. It felt hot and swollen, and I wanted Jacy to get back and do something—anything—to get me off the edge. I kept stroking, feeling more defiant by the minute. Fuck her, for leaving me like this.

I climbed high, jerking myself off there on the toilet. I was just at the trembling edge of a come when Jacy came back. The stall door burst open. "Slut!" she cried, when she saw what I was doing. "I can't leave you for a fucking second!"

It took me a second to realize that the hands that grabbed my wrists and pulled me up weren't Jacy's. She'd come back with Mack and Bella, and they were the ones who held me against the wall and, almost as soon as they had me up, started to work me over. Jacy stood leaning on the stall's doorframe, grinning.

"She really had an eye on your woman, Mack," said Jacy. "I'd say she wants pussy. If Bella's up for that, let's say you can do anything to Miranda you want."

Bella took my place on the toilet, skirt pulled up over her hips, and cocked her legs out at an impossible angle. She smiled sweetly, a randy come-on with a sugar coating. I wanted to bite her full lips, and not stop there—I hadn't seen how lush and curvy she was while she sat at the table—I saw it now and I wanted to eat her up, but she knew where to get me started. "Miranda, baby, eat my pussy," she said, a voice that had just a hint of "please, please, daddy" in it, and I realized that I wanted to do that more than anything.

Her cunt felt like slippery wet velvet. I knelt on the stall floor to get to her, wrapped my arms around her, ran the flat of my tongue between her lips to get her taste and feel her hard clit press back at me. I felt for the throb it gave when the blood rushed in, the little jump that lets you know she's with you.

"Her ass looks pretty fuckable, Mack," Jacy said behind me. "What are you gonna do about that?"

The little slurp of the lube bottle opening told me something was coming, but I didn't care what. I had found a move that made my tongue very happy and that made Bella pump her hips wildly, and I had no intention of stopping until she came.

"Slut!" she cried, when she saw what I was doing. "I can't leave you for a fucking second!"

Mack's long slim fingers, slick with lube, found my clit. The fingers of her other hand pushed into my ass. My climb toward orgasm started that instant, and Mack didn't stop—just muttered behind me about my hot ass and Bella's hot cunt and fuckin' me and makin' me and…

In a three-way like that I'm never sure if I come as fast, distracted by what I'm doing, or faster, extra-aroused by it, because I lose track of time. Jacy managed to get in a slap on my ass once in a while. She said, "A crowd's gatherin', 'Randa, put on a good show," and that jacked me up another notch, but really all my consciousness seemed to be on Bella's clit. I didn't come until she did, with a high-pitched, breathy sob that was so sexy it just sent me over. I finally looked back over my shoulder at Mack and Jacy.

They were both grinning.

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Illustration by Caryn Leschen

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I only have lesbians as best friends. I don't know why---- it just... happens.
Madonna, in *Elle* magazine

"We are not sexually communicating the right way. People are not fucking enough, and they are not fucking the right way...We have so much violence because we don't have good sex."
Oliver Stone, in *Mondo 2000* magazine

"I think it's one of the most beautiful things, two women who are lovers. I guess I just haven't found the right woman at the right time yet."
Cybill Shepherd, in *LN*

"Vibrators. I think they are great. They keep you out of stupid sex. I'd pitch them to anybody."
Anne Heche

A lot of women fall in love with other women and that's OK... People do it and why should that be something to hide? When [her female friend on the album] says, 'Your cootchie's going to swell up and fall apart,' we were all laughing so much. But it's reality.

Janet Jackson, speaking of the lesbian lyrics on her album *The Velvet Rope*

"We've clearly gotten to a point in sexuality where we all exhibit different levels of masculine and feminine traits, regardless of our sex organs."
Deborah Harry, in the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*

"They were always so holier-than-thou, systematically getting rid of everyone who wasn't just like them: white, upper-middle class, straight (or closeted), sex-phobic Democratic party apologists."
Susie Bright, on the National Organization for Women, in *Salon* Magazine

"When we get on the bus, we talk about boys, makeup, girl things. We are not a bunch of feminists."
Cammi Granato, captain of the 1998 Olympic U.S. women's hockey team, in *U.S. News & World Report*

"I would die happy if I got [a screenplay nomination]. It would cut down on the amount of sex I have to beg for."
Kevin Smith, writer/director of *Chasing Amy*

"It's a little frightening going out with a complete stranger... It could be the man of my dreams. But with my luck, it'll be a girl."
model Angie Everhart, speaking of a blind date.

"If male/female is not your orientation, something went wrong. It's not an insult, it's an obvious fact of biology."
Dr. Laura Schlessinger, radio talk show host, in *Southern Voice*

"Based on my long study of pornographic pictures and videos, I can easily see why Paula Jones would instantly produce a fantasy of oral sex...she has this big wide mouth, and a lot of teeth, and there's a sort of slackness about her jaw...I think that Paula Jones was at every stage a walking, talking advertisement for oral sex!"
Camille Paglia, in *Salon* magazine

what the hell?

"It's delightful working with [Kirstie Alley], except for sometimes if she gets angry, she pushes me...hard...down the steps...naked."
Kathy Najimy, of *Veronica's Closet*

PHOTO OF JANET AND MADONNA COURTESY OF MOVIE MAGIC/ PHOTO OF ANGIE EVERHART COURTESY OF TOP MODEL MAGAZINE

MY FIRST LAP DANCE

by Tristan Taormino

"I WANT TO GET A LAP DANCE, AND I WANT TO KNOW A GOOD PLACE TO GO."

"Well, it depends on what you're looking for," says my friend Mario, the girlie magazine editor I'm consulting about where to have my fantasy fulfilled. "Do you want an overpriced, strictly hands-off dance from one of those high-glam, busty blondes who looks like a porn star? You know, a place like where Demi Moore went to research her stripper role? Or do you want it down and dirty, with whatever you want for whatever you want to pay, even though some of the girls are definitely junkies?"

"What about somewhere in between—not too classy, not too sleazy?"

He ends up sending me to New York Dolls. All my dyke friends are either busy or not interested, so I recruit my friend Ron, a nice Jewish straight guy who's never had a lap dance either. Seven thick, mean, cartoonish bouncers are on guard at the door. The mood is chaotic as we make our way to the only empty table in the main room. A T-shaped stage juts out from a mirrored wall: a short-haired redhead in a white lace g-string to the left, a bronze-skinned woman with a fuchsia orchid in her hair to the right, and a tall brunette with Betty Page bangs in a patent leather thong on the catwalk. Above the mirrors, the Dow Jones index dances in red dots across a long black screen. It doesn't feel scary like my nightmare of a strip club: creepy men groping wasted runaway girls in some dark, dirty place. We're surrounded by well-dressed men in gray flannel and pinstripes, and about 20 topless women gyrating in g-strings. It's strange to be the only fully clothed woman, but I'm not intimidated, just curious.

'Course, no matter how bold I feel, some patrons stare suspiciously. There is a certain alienated camaraderie among all the men here that I have disturbed. They weren't expecting me, and they don't know how I fit into the scene. I don't exactly know how I fit in. I watch intently as each dancer takes her turn on stage then moves through the audience seeking takers for a $10 dance.

There's a wide variety of women here, from blond bombshells with silicone breasts and tanning salon skin to ordinary-looking girls with bright eyes who look like my college classmates. The good ones have a way of connecting with a customer, establishing some immediate sense of intimacy, making him think she really likes him, that he actually has a chance with her. That the seduction is real.

At first, when the petite blonde gets on stage, she looks really young to me, and I usually don't go for that little-girl look. When her dress comes off, she has an arched back and tiny breasts. Then she starts to dance, first in front of the mirror, looking at herself, running her hands over her curves. As she wraps herself around the pole, her moves are sensual, sure. When she struts down the catwalk, she immediately locks gazes with me. She's checking me out, and all the men in the place know it. Brazen.

When the music changes, she makes a beeline for my table. She doesn't even ask me if I want a dance. She simply takes my hand in hers and leads me over to the leather banquette. I ask her what her name is. "Sinderella with an s," she coos. "What's yours?"

"Tristan with a t."

She sits me down on the leather seat and tells me to spread my legs; as she says it, her hands slide up my satin pants, and she spreads them for me. Slowly, she begins moving her body in front of mine. Even though I know I'm not supposed to, I want to touch her long blond ponytail. "Sinderella, this isn't your hair, is it?"

"No, but don't tell them that. The ponytail is part of my look, besides I don't want to show my real hair, not here." I picture her then without the hairpiece—her blue eyes framed by short, spiky bleached blond locks. Still cute and naughty, but tougher, definitely more like a dyke.

I suddenly feel overwhelmed by all of it, and I want to ask her so many questions. How much do you make on a good night? How long have you been dancing? Why do some dancers ask me whether I want a dance but others avoid me—isn't it all the same to you? How many hand jobs have you given upstairs in the VIP Champagne Lounge? But all that comes out of my mouth is: "You look awfully young. How old are you?"

"I know. I'm twenty-four." She flashes me a space-between-two-front-teeth smile, and I glimpse a twinkle in her mouth. "Hey, open up again."

She obeys, and I get a look at the round solitaire diamond piercing her pink tongue. Mmmm—that turns me on.

Then she starts to grind against me, not keeping the distance between her body and mine like the other dancers I watched, but brushing right up against me, rubbing her face against my cheek, kissing my neck, and nibbling on my ear. I like the idea that we're breaking the rules.

"I thought you weren't supposed to touch me," I say playfully, letting her know I am absolutely enjoying it. "Oh, I don't give guys a dance like this," she whispers as her hand finds its way up my thigh and between my legs. I feel a wave of warmth surge to my pussy.

"I like girls, and I like to dance for them." She's playing right into my fantasy that because I'm a woman, she enjoys this more. Or hates it less. After all, we're sisters, I'm not The Man. In real life, maybe it's all the same to her. She turns around and bends over, pushing her firm, round ass just inches away from my face.

The music changes then, signaling the end of the dance. Time to pay up. "You have a great ass," I say, and I mean it. But after I say it, I think I sound piggy, like all the others. And I think maybe she's playing me just like I've seen dancers play the men all night. She's close to me, but our interaction still doesn't feel real. If I am using her, she is also using me—it's a typical capitalist transaction in that way. The money clarifies everyone's expectations. No games, no dyke drama. It does feel a little lurid, a little sleazy, a little strange. I slip $25 under Sinderella's garter. I don't know how much of the money will go to the house, to the bouncers, to the bartenders, to the DJ. I want her to keep all of it, but I know that's a fairy tale. She looks surprised for a minute, then she kisses me on the cheek, trots off, and vanishes into the crowd—not even an open-toed Lucite spiked heel left behind.

Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sexual adventure. Got an idea for her next mission? Write it down and send it to **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco CA 94110; fax: 415.648.4705; or e-mail: staff@gfriends.com

Illustration by Tonia Gonzalez-Ortega

MY BIG FAT DICK

continued from page 29

But it wasn't just theory that was changing—women-owned and operated sex stores and dildo companies created a new culture that made the sex-positive discourse cash-accessible.

EVEN BETTER THAN THE REAL THING, BABY

As women's sexual desires came to be seen as completely separate from men's, dildos gained slow but sure acceptance among dykes. After all, vaginal pleasure often depends on stimulation beyond the capabilities of the average penis. "Frankly, the male penis tends, in my experience, to be a bit small for its task," explains 22-year-old Melinda. "A well-made dildo pleases me infinitely deeper than a dick ever did." Deborah Levinson, 38, Web maven for Gay and Lesbian Issues concurs. "[Never] did I ever look at a dildo as a 'substitute penis.' It was simply a device for different types of penetration."

Julian, 30, agrees. "One day my lover approached me for sex when I was drowsing in the sun on my belly and fucked my ass for the first time. It quickly became plain that this was an activity for which a dildo was more or less perfectly designed—the more so because you can change sizes as your rectum expands!" Dildos were important to Julian's transformation from what had been a "fairly conventional lesbian-feminist sexual orientation into something more gay-male-identified. Dildos allowed me to experience myself as a boy; for a long time I jacked off with one in my hand." Julian adds, "Dildos also allowed me to learn to like to get fucked—I had never liked vaginal penetration much, and anal penetration with hands wasn't comfortable for me—too many joints and fingernails and things!"

Although colorful, creative nonpenis replicas specifically answered lesbian consumer demand for dick-free penetration, some lesbians preferred realism all along. In 1988, neither Taylor nor her lover were bothered by the fact that their dildo of choice resembled a penis. "The bottom line was it was attached to me, and my clit was pulsating underneath it." Says Gillian, now 48, "Dolphins and vegetables don't do anything for me. I like them with veins and dick heads."

Some lesbians express discomfort with dildos because of their inhuman quality. Certain forms of feminism equated women with nature and purity. Men were seen as allied with the corrupt realm of culture and technology. To this way of thinking, the dildo fails at least twice: it renders women more man-like, and renders them cyborg-like, or "unnatural."

Strapping on an otherworldly member is a draw for other dykes, who like to fuck with the boundaries of what it is to be human. "Some of the dildos available now have a kind of sci-fi look, which I enjoy," Gillian continues, "They are good for alien sex-fiend abduction fantasies."

However hokey some dykes might find dildos in the shape of dolphins or goddesses, these dildos clearly represent an acknowledgment of the separateness of dildo use from unaided, male-female intercourse. Bella, 25, avoids overt realism in her dildos. "If it looks too much like a penis, it's too close to the real man I don't want." Besides, Bella continues, "The realistic ones look like they've returned from the morgue—they have a slightly bluish cast. They're like vegan pepperoni."

THE FUTURE OF DICK

For better or for worse, the dildo is an up-and-coming accessory among women who do women. Yet, the rebellious dildo has multiple and contradictory meanings. The mischievous member molds the ironic and the erotic in a single pudendum, confusing the bodies it connects in a morass of stories, meanings, and sensations. Perhaps especially because of those pastel-hued goddesses and dolphins, the dildo is able to invokes the phallus at the same time it dethrones it. It pokes fun at the penis while partaking of its eroticism. It pleasures woman-loving women in the way many of us crave, though it may make us feel deviant for doing so. Thats because the dildo is a dyke dick—itself a contradiction in terms.

The Dildo in Western Civilization

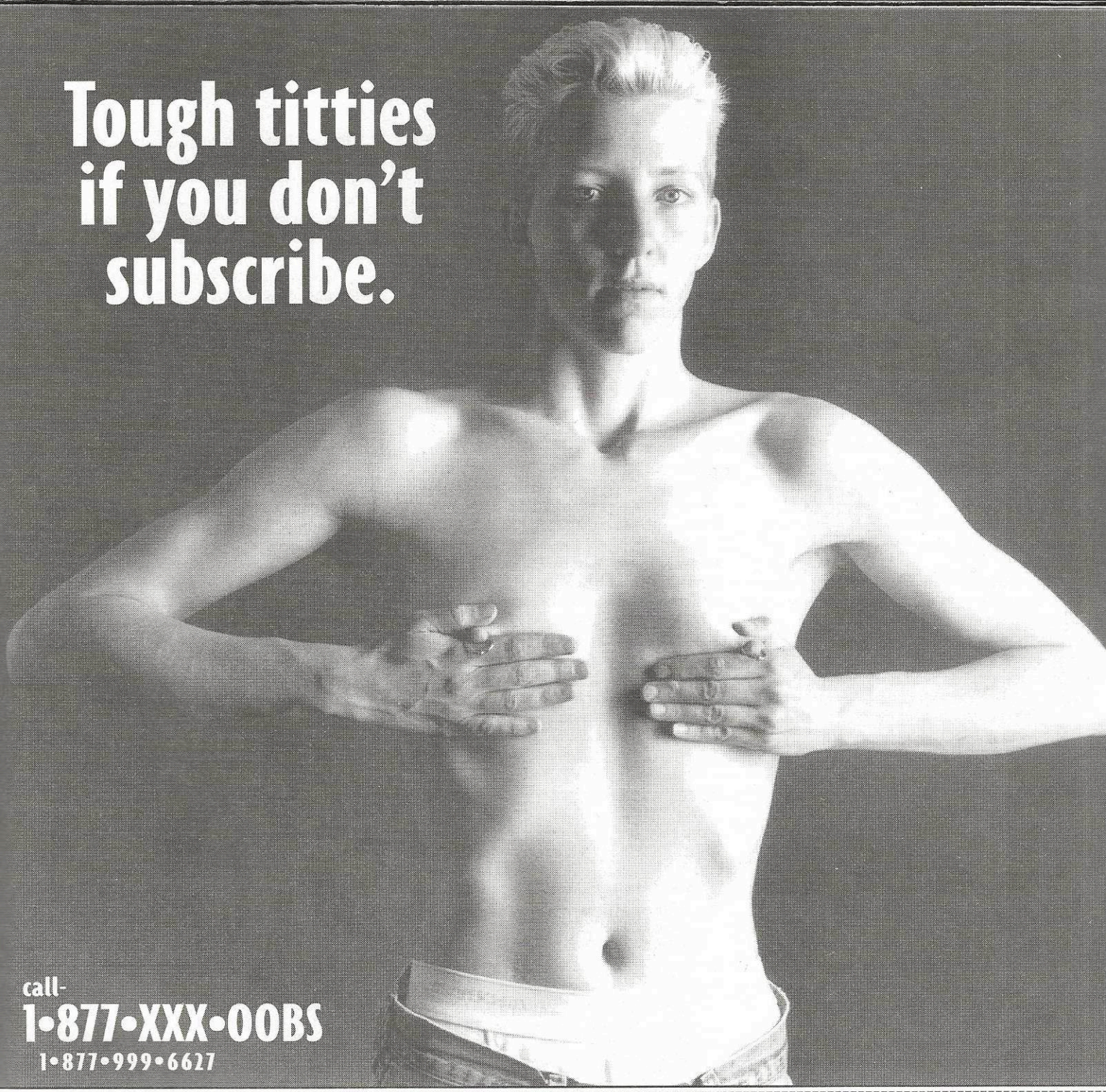
Signor Dildo," phallus, implement, "tool of the patriarchy"—like many things associated with sex, history has granted the dildo a lot of names, but not a lot of respect. Although written records about the dildo are scattered over a wide variety of cultures and historical periods, exact references are rare, obtuse, and buried beneath so much moral hoopla, they're nearly impossible to decipher. Are the dildos and huge phalluses depicted on shards of Hellenic pottery, for example, representations of real love between women? Or are they the pre-Christian version of a "stag" cartoon on the side of a souvenir beer stein? When a philosophical dialogue from the fourth century B.C. makes reference to women "strap[ping] to themselves cunningly contrived instruments of licentiousness," is the speaker describing actual lesbian practices, or simply besting his opponent in a battle of words?

One thing is for sure: in medieval Europe, references to dildos got much less playful. Courts often looked aside if women committed crimes against nature sans

implementation. But if one of the partners used (in the words of one Italian jurist) "illicit devices," many religious and civil codes called for the death penalty. In general, until the sixteenth century simple female homosexuality was seen as lustfulness—the kind of sin that anyone could commit—whereas using a dildo was seen as a serious transgression into the realm of male privilege.

Things began to get colorful again after the Renaissance. The Earl of Rochester, a seventeenth-century poet, wrote a lewd satire on the British royalty called "Signor Dildo." In the eighteenth century, author of *Tom Jones* author Henry Feilding wrote *The Female Husband,* a novel about the actual trial of Mary Hamilton, a woman accused of strapping it on and marrying fifteen woman.

If we can believe our sources—all of whom were men, and most of whom were using "dildo" as a bullet in a slanderous arsenal—historical women preferred their dicks in leather. (The Greek playwright Herodas describes housewives ordering them from the local shoemaker, "a kinder cobbler to a woman you could not possibly find.") If they could visit Toys in Babeland today, we can only guess at how happy Mary Hamilton's wives would be with a choice between silicon in lavender or mocha swirl. haf



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AJJ98

DEMON LOVER

continued from page 33

Katy had pushed the words out of my mouth. It was exactly the kind of thing Katy would have said.

But Mickey had overdosed himself at Raiford, and I'd never seen any of Katy's boyfriends again. Just Katy, any time she gets restless and wants to come back. I look at her now and my throat closes up. I cannot make casual conversation, cannot talk at all. I want to reach for her but I am too afraid. She is the vampire curse in my life. You have to invite them back and part of me always wants her, even when most of me doesn't. Right now all of me wants her; flesh and blood, body and soul.

Katy's thick black eyebrows raise and lower, seeing right through me, seeing my grief and lust.

"Ahhh, bitch," she whispers, and it sounds like "lover." She slips one hand under the sheet and strokes her nails along my leg.

I catch my breath. I could cry but don't. Will we be lovers again? Is she real enough this moment to put her filmy body along my too-tight muscles? She wants to; it shows in the unaccustomed softness in her face. I feel tears run down my cheeks.

Now she says it. "Lover."

"Junkie." I hiss at her, beginning to really cry, making a hoarse ugly sound in the quiet room. "Goddamn you, you goddamned junkie!"

"Ahhh well," she drawls, her fingers still stroking my leg. "It's not a lie." She drags herself over, rocking the bed this time, sliding under the sheet. She arranges her body to cup my side, her toes touch my ankle, and her head turns so her mouth is close to my ear.

"Not a lie, no." One hand caresses my stomach; the other hugs my hipbone.

"Goddamn you!" I try to lie still but start shaking.

"Don't be boring," she says. I feel her tongue licking my cheek, wet and almost as rough as a cat's tongue. My whole body goes stiff, and my hands ball up into fists.

"Why do you keep coming back? Why don't you leave me alone? You weren't worth the trouble when you were alive and you sure aren't doing me any good now." I start to fight her, trying to pull away or push her away. But she is smoke only, a cloud on my skin, and I can't escape her.

"Motherfucker..." I give it up to cry and turn my face into the pillow of her hair. It smells so sweet and familiar, marijuana and patchouli.

Katy's shoulders ride up and down. She arches her back and slides her body over so that her belly is on top of mine. I almost scream from the intensity of the sensation. It feels so good. It feels so awful.

"You loved me." She says it right into the hollow of my ear. "You love me still. Even after you left me, you loved me. You couldn't stand me, and you damn sure couldn't save me. But you couldn't stand it without me either. So here I am. Feel me."

She drums her knuckles on my hipbone. Her teeth nip my neck. I gasp and arch up into her. "I'm part of you," she whispers. "Right down in the core of you."

I pull myself back down and lie still, giving it up. "I know." I push my face up. My mouth covers her, tastes her. Her tongue is bitter honey, sliding between my lips, filling my mouth, pushing my tongue up to the roof of my mouth, expanding until I think I will choke.

But I do not fight her. I take her in. I want to swallow her, all of her. If she is a ghost then why not? She could melt into my bones. We could be the same creature.

My hips begin to rock. My fingers curl up and try to grip her waist. A heated sweat rises all over my body. I want to rise up like steam into her, pull up right off my own bones, become something in the air, a scent of marijuana and patchouli, something sweet and nasty and impossibly sad. But I cannot get hold of her. My very movements seem to push her up and away, the cloud of her becoming mist-like, gossamer, and fading.

"No!"

Her thumb is in the hollow of my throat. My own pulse roars in my ears. Her laughter is soft, too soft.

"Stop," she says and it comes from very far away. Too far. "You'll make yourself sick."

"I'll take a pill."

"Junkie." She laughs again. Her pleasure in being able to say that to me almost makes me laugh back. "You take too many pills."

That is too much. I go limp again and look up into her black black eyes. "Oh mama." I giggle.

"Ooooh Maaamaaaa." Her mouth draws the words out delightfully, rich with lust. She rocks against me, and I can feel her, the flesh hard and cold and powerful.

"I'll make it interesting for both of us," she promises. Her nails rake me lightly. Goosebumps radiate from every burning pinprick. I am not afraid. I burn. I want her so badly. Like a madwoman, I don't care anymore what is real.

"You move," she tells me, "and I'm gone." The cloud of her lifts, and it is all I can do to hold myself still until she comes back down.

"You must hold yourself absolutely still. Absolutely."

Her skin burns me where it touches. I stiffen, holding myself for her. Her weight comes down until I shudder with pleasure. Instantly her body lifts, becomes a cloud again. Her phantom laughter is rich and close. I bite my lips and hold myself still again. She comes down again. So cold. So hot. I groan. She lifts, laughs, rises again. It goes on and on.

Do you love me? Do you want me? Do you remember me? Do you hate me? Do you love me?

I love you, come all over you, come up into the dark of you, the pit of you. Pull me down into the pit of you. Memory and touch and taste. You are never alone, never going to be alone. If you cry, I will. If you scream, I will. If you are, I am.

"I love you," she says.

I am numb. I have come so much my bones have turned to concrete. Their weight immobilizes me. Katy's hot skin presses all over me. It is so dark, so still. I am drifting off into sleep. I want to wrap my arms around her and pull her down with me, sleep in the luxury of her embrace. But hours of conditioning stop me and I do not move. I just slide further down into sleep. She says it again.

"I love you."

"You're dead," I mumble.

Her weight increases, presses down on me. I open my eyes.

"Doesn't matter." She has spread out, filled the room. She is enormous, masses of dark all around me. I am afraid. Suddenly I am deeply deeply afraid, and when she laughs I feel the cold.

"Doesn't matter at all."

"I'LL MAKE IT INTERESTING FOR BOTH OF US," SHE PROMISES.

"Demon Lover" *by Dorothy Allison first appeared in* **On Our Backs'** *Summer 1988 issue. It is reprinted here with permission from Firebrand Books, Ithaca, New York.*
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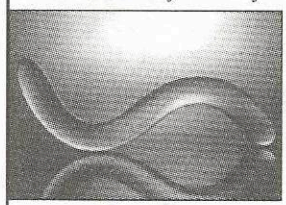

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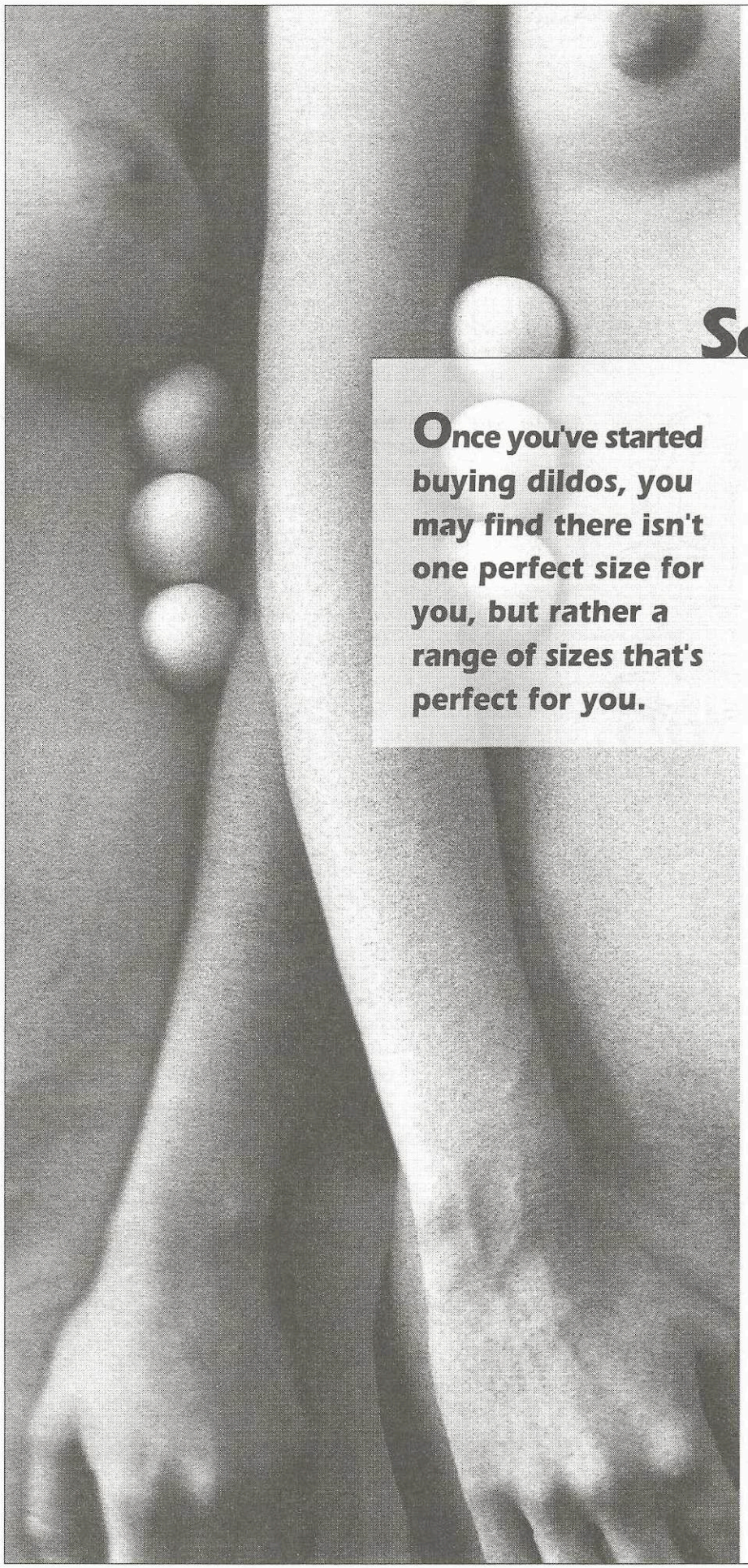

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Sex Toys 101

Once you've started buying dildos, you may find there isn't one perfect size for you, but rather a range of sizes that's perfect for you.

Dildos have always played a part in lesbian sex and lesbian sexual culture. Before dildos were manufactured and sold, resourceful, penetration-loving women created their own toys from materials at hand, like wood or clay, or from common household items, like the friendlier end of a hairbrush. Modern times have brought us a feast of choices, and lesbians are freer than ever before to explore the delicious world of penetration.

If you are buying a dildo for the first time, make sure you don't bite off more than you can chew, so to speak. A dildo that's too big around or too long for its purpose is a sad thing indeed. Happily, dildos are not penises, so no dildo has to be your final choice! Once you've started buying dildos, you may find there isn't one perfect size for you, but rather a range of sizes that's perfect for you. (Check out the Jane Doe line. It offers something for everyone.)

For women who have taken up gender as a sex toy, dildos enhance sex play like almost nothing else can. There are now high quality, silicone dildos for the bedroom (see The Realistics on the next page), and for the barroom (see Packy), that resemble penises. Most of us remember when the words "blowjob" and "lesbian" could not be used in the same sentence. Now we're free to write whatever sentence we want!

With the fluidity of gender and the variance of lesbian desire commonly accepted, and often celebrated, dildos have made their way into many a lesbian boudoir. And by all accounts, they are here to stay.

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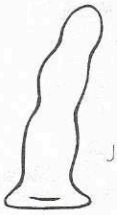
The Jane Does

The Jane Does are a series of pleasantly shaped non-representational dils. They are gently tapered from the tip and have a sinuous rippled shape.

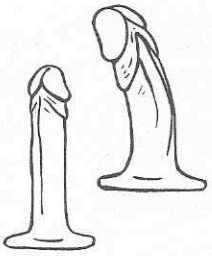
JD2


JD4L

Jane Doe 1	**6" x 1 1/8"**	**$34**
Jane Doe 2	**6" x 1 1/4"**	**$36**
Jane Doe 3	**6" x 1 3/8"**	**$41**
Jane Doe 4	**6" x 1 1/2"**	**$45**
Jane Doe 5	**6" x 1 5/8"**	**$49**
Jane Doe 6	**6" x 1 3/4"**	**$54**
Jane Doe 4L	**7 1/4" x 1 1/2"**	**$54**
Jane Doe 5L	**7 1/4" x 1 5/8"**	**$58**
Jane Doe 6L	**7 1/4" x 1 3/4"**	**$63**

The Realistics

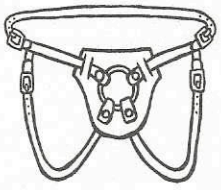
These straightforward toys are made of firm silicone and are lavish in detail. Each size is available either straight or curved.



Sm/Sm curved	**5 1/4" x 1"**	**$38**
Med/Med curved	**6" x 1 1/2"**	**$58**
Lrg/Lrg curved	**7 1/2" x 2"**	**$68**

Terra Firma

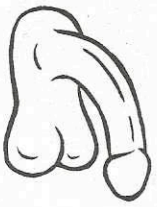
Hats off to the designers of this harness. The O-ring snaps out for adjustability, the waist and leg straps connect directly to the ring for a rock solid fit, a leather pad behind the dildo protects those pinchable pubic hairs. There is room for the balls of the realistic toys some love so well. Available with either double D-ring or buckle clasps. Medium fits up to a 44" hip, large up to 54" hip.



D-ring Terra Firma $50.00
Buckling Terra Firma $62.00
Black or Purple Nylon $27.00

Packy

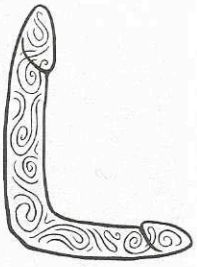
This semi-hard dildo is perfect for anyone who wants a realistic bulge in their pants. Unlike stiffer dildos it does not look like a rolling pin in your shorts. The dildo is firm enough to penetrate.



Two colors: tan & black. 5" x 1 1/2" $50.00

Boomerang

An innovative V-shaped design allows two women sharing this toy to face each other, and it's good for girl on boy butt love too. Coupled with a snug-fitting pair of men's briefs, the woman with the short end can control the toy with no hands, eliminating all the awkward positioning most double dils necessitate. Available in regular or small. Sizes below indicate the smaller side's length and diameter first, the larger side's second.



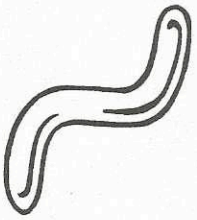
Regular	**5 1/2" x 1 3/8" and 8 1/2" x 1 3/8"**	**$82.00**
Small	**5" x 1 1/4" and 7" x 1 1/4"**	**$68.00**

Trihelix

The twisting strands of trihelix provide lots of stimulation. Not just a 'slam bam, thank you ma'am' model, the ribs of tri-helix make every instant one of definite sensation. 6 1/2" x 1 1/4" **$48.00**

Crystal Wand

This 10 inch clear acrylic S-shaped wand is perfect for stimulating the g-spot. Designed by a woman to help other women unleash the energy of this sensitive area, the wand comes with a 7 page guidebook on the g-spot and the wand.



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$60.01–$100	$8.75	$16.25	$23.25
$100.01–$200	$11.00	$18.50	$25.50
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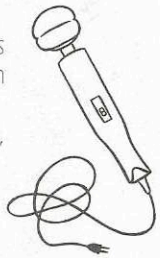
Hitachi Magic Wand
Known as "the cadillac of vibrators," this is perhaps the world's most popular sex toy. Its strong vibration makes it an unfailing friend in masturbation, and its symmetrical shape makes it a natural for partnered, face-to-face fun.
2 speeds, spongy head. $45.00



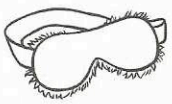
Pocket Pal
About the size of a human penis, but much less demanding, smooth pocket pal is certain to feel good. Pocket Pal is one of our most popular dildos because it is a size that fits a lot of people, is pleasantly soft, and has proportions that are, well, cute. 6" x 1 3/8" **$35.00**

Astroglide
The exalted lube of lubes. It's extremely slick, stays wet for a long time, has almost no taste or scent, and doesn't dry sticky. Hands down, the best.
35 ml. $6.00
2.5 oz. $8.50
5 oz. $14.00

Jane's Bonds
Nylon web cuffs cushion lined with soft black fake fur. Four foot tethers add convenience. Adjustable for wrist or ankle restraint. **Black or purple. $27.50**

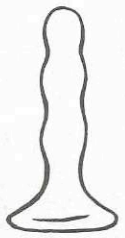
Tweezer Clips
A favorite nipple clamp, these rubber tipped tweezers easily adjust from light to tight. **$12.00**

Fuzzy Blindfold
Lined with comfy fake fur, this attractive blindfold blocks out all light. Black. **Leather $22.00**
Nylon $16

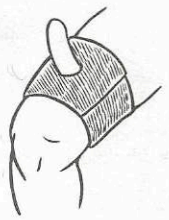


Jane Wa
This silicone line brings another time-honored butt toy shape into the present and beyond. The sphincter-pleasing form is designed for in-and-out play. Can be worn in a harness.

Jane Wa 1	**4 3/4" x 7/8"**	**$20.00**
Jane Wa 2	**5 1/4" x 1 1/8"**	**$27.00**
Jane Wa 3	**6 1/4" x 1 3/8"**	**$34.00**
Jane Wa 4	**6 3/4" x 1 5/8"**	**$40.00**



Wrap-On
Simplicity is at the heart of this latest thigh harness. One size truly fits all — all thighs (up to 36") and all dildos. Stretchy wetsuit material, 40" x 7", wraps around your thigh and closes with velcro at any point along its length. A hole at one end will stretch to accommodate any dildo. The stretchy material feels sexy on! **$29.95**



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Our most popular heavy-duty, wide black leather cuffs are lined with a cushioning faux fur. Comfortable and secure.
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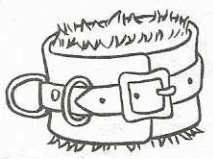
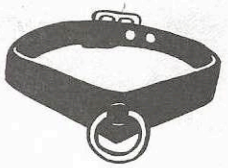
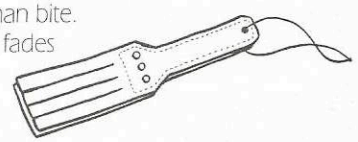
Ankle $66.00



Onyx Collar
This simple graceful collar is made of doubled glove leather for a comfortable, attractive fit. **S, M, L. $25.00**



Spanky
This small spanker packs more bark than bite. The sound can be fun, and the sting fades quickly. Black leather. **$25.00**



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What Do You Think of Pussy Shots?

Compiled by Nicola Ginzler

I love them! They make me feel all dirty and squirmy, like I'm looking at something I'm not supposed to be looking at. It's a really transgressive act for a woman to look at porn—particularly nasty, badly made porn, with no socially redeeming value. Plus I love women's pussies, and pictures of them are fabulous reminders of the real thing. *Kathy*

I saw this series of three photos once—in someone's bathroom—of a woman's clit and cunt lips getting more and more filled with blood, unfurling, really, which was just yummy. You could imagine her getting turned on, and her cunt getting all warm and flushed. Made me want to stick my tongue in it. *Janie*

That book *Femalia* is way better than most, in my opinion; plus it's done by women. But pussy shots aren't a turn-on for me, really not at all. I actually think they're kind of gross. Mostly the ones I've seen don't do women's cunts justice, you know? Very static. *Sue*

I'm the only dyke I know who actually jerks off to pussy shots! I started sneaking my dad's copies of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* into the bathroom when I was a teenager, and I just never got out of the habit. The women I actually want to fuck in real life aren't usually anything like the airbrush queens in the magazines, but the turn-on is still there. Weird, huh? *Christine*

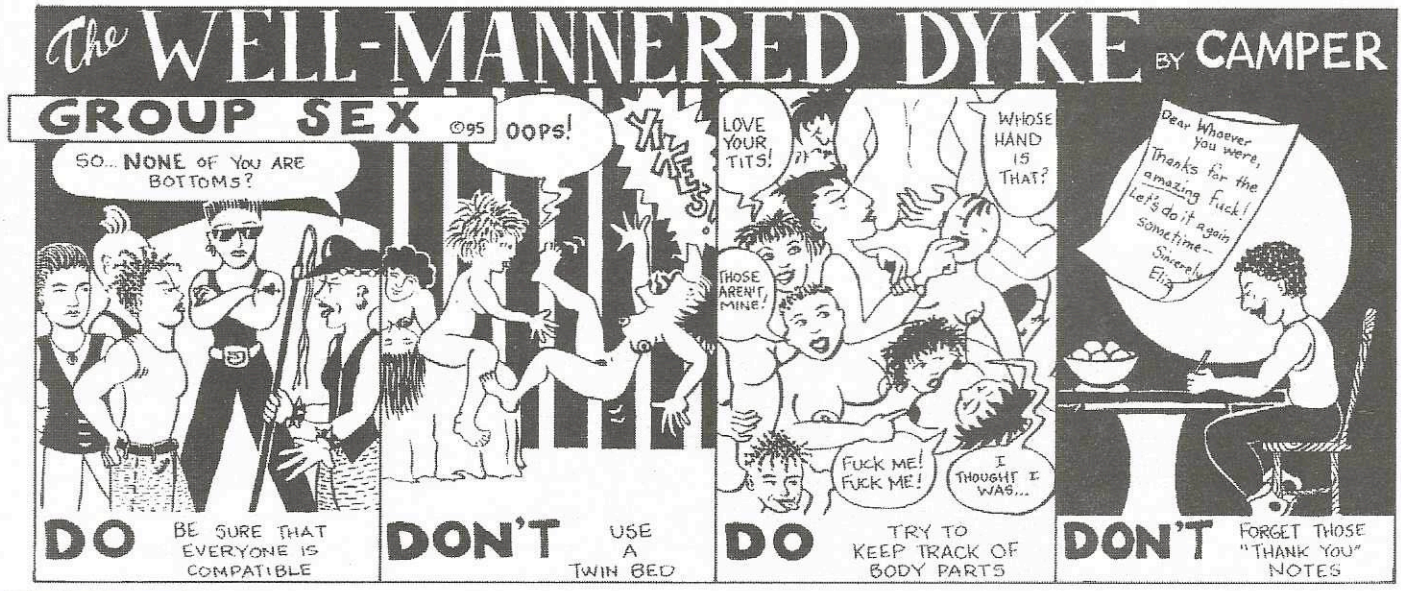
Well, they're okay, I guess. Most of the ones I've seen aren't very erotic for me, but that's partly to do with the production values. I like black-and-white photos better than color, given a choice. I have seen some really beautiful ones in that wonderful, warm, brown sepiatone. Those are my favorites. *Billie*

It depends on the anatomy! I like some cunts better than others. I like big juicy lips and dark pubic hair—that's just my preference. I heard that women porn stars are having their labia trimmed, surgically, to make them more "delicate looking," and I think that's really vile. There's enough Barbie-ism, enough of a single standard of beauty, for the rest of women's bodies. I'd hate for women to start to apply that single-standard shit to their pussies. *Monica*

I like pictures of women's vulvas, as long as they're not just, "Here's my vulva, yes indeed, here it is." A photo with maybe part of her legs or belly showing too, or maybe with some other elements, her hands, another woman's hands, part of the room behind them, some draped fabric, a motorcycle, you name it! Something going on in the photo so it's not just a body part. I want more, some sort of context, which gives it more sexual resonance. *Sarah*

Pussy shots are weird. They can be really lovely and very sexy, or they can have the feel of an anatomy illustration, which I don't find erotic. What's sexy for me is when the photo makes me want to get inside the woman, when she looks like someone I might like to get inside. That can be done in a million different ways, of course, but the main thing is that it has to look like the cunt is attached to, belongs to, a particular woman, with a particular way of holding and presenting her body. That's what's hot. *Rebecca*

Next issue: **What's one sexual turn-on you've never told anyone about?** Tell us: write **On Our Backs,** 3415 Cesar Chavez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax 415.648.4705; e-mail: staff@gfriends.com


The WELL-MANNERED DYKE BY CAMPER
GROUP SEX ©95
SO... NONE OF YOU ARE BOTTOMS?
OOPS!
YIKES!
DO BE SURE THAT EVERYONE IS COMPATIBLE
DON'T USE A TWIN BED
LOVE YOUR TITS!
WHOSE HAND IS THAT?
THOSE AREN'T MINE!
FUCK ME! FUCK ME!
I THOUGHT I WAS...
DO TRY TO KEEP TRACK OF BODY PARTS
Dear Whoever you were, Thanks for the amazing fuck! Let's do it again sometime— Sincerely, Eliz
DON'T FORGET THOSE "THANK YOU" NOTES

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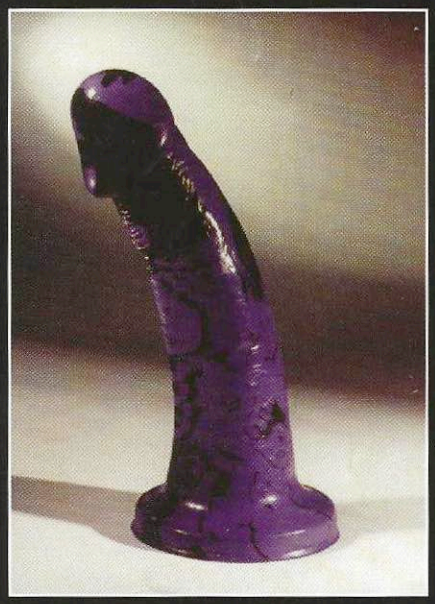

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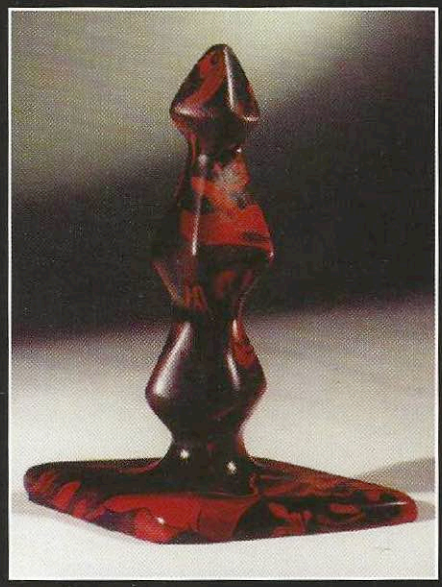

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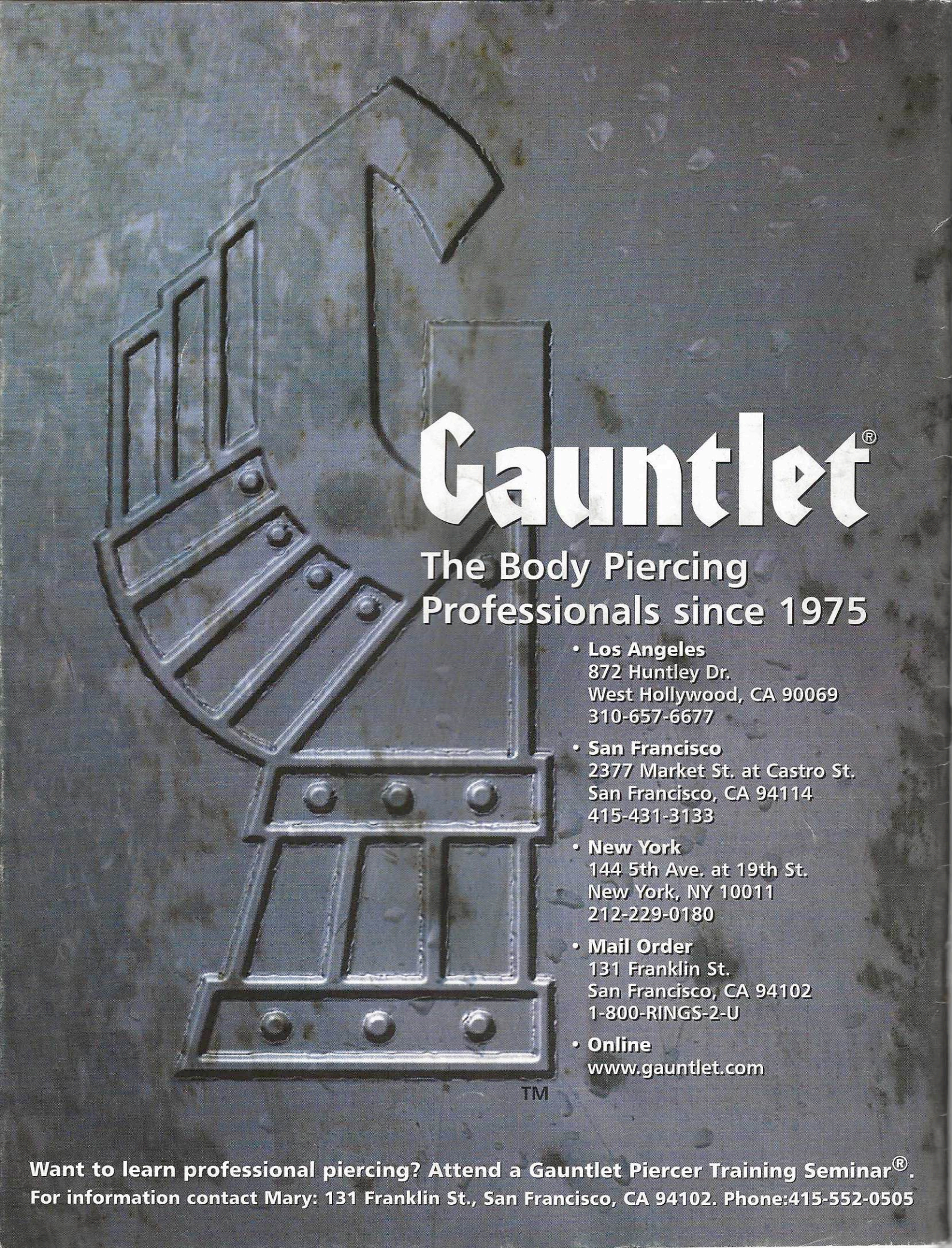
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